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THE MAYFLOWERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The trailing arbutus, or may-flower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful Winter.

Sad May-flower! watched by Winter stars,
And nursed by Winter gales,
With petals of the sleeted spars,
And leaves of frozen sails!

What had she in those dreary hours,
Within her ice-rimmed bay,
In common with the wild-wood flowers,
The first sweet smiles of May?

Yet, "God be praised!" the Pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
"Behold our May-flower here!"

"God wills it: here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er,
For us the May-flower of the sea
Shall spread her sails no more."

Oh! sacred flower of faith and hope!
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a bleeken slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,
Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day
Its shadow round us draws;
The May-flower of his stormy bay,
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring
To life the frozen sod;
And, through dead leaves of hope, shall spring
Afresh the flowers of God!

Original Novelet.

THE LOST OF THE WILDERNESS;

A Tale of New England Before the Pilgrims

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

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CHAPTER XVII.

FATHER AND CHILD.

When Monoma the Indian girl returned to the islet lodge, accompanied by Robin Ball and Gabriel St. Elmo, the fair Marie was sleeping quietly upon her sylvan couch. Monoma would have approached her quietly, but St. Elmo's impatience could not be restrained. He rushed to the side of the slumbering maiden, and sinking on his knees, murmured her name in broken accents. Marie unclosed her eyes and started up.

"St. Elmo!" she murmured, and then, with a low cry, sank back senseless upon the couch.

"Oh, Father in Heaven! I have killed her!" cried the youth wildly, and clasping the maiden's hands, he gave vent to wild lamentations. But Monoma, with her gentle ministrations, was instantly at hand, and under her care, Marie soon awoke again to animation. Nevertheless it was apparent that in her weak condition, all undue excitement was fraught with danger, and St. Elmo was accordingly banished immediately to the outer lodge which had been once used by Tisquontam. Here he bore patiently the reproaches of Robin Ball for his ill-advised conduct in so rashly approaching the young invalid.

"An it were Rob Ball," cried the bluff sailor, "no better sense could be expected. But for you, monsieur, to my mind it was a shame to frighten the poor young body so woundily."

"I know I am an ass—a brute—and worse than the heathen savages themselves," returned St. Elmo, with perplexed contrition. "But, Robin Ball, when I looked upon that sweet maiden slumbering so quietly, I lost all thought save the desire to hear her voice in greeting of my poor name."

"And so you would fain frighten her into dumbness for ever," quoth Rob Ball. "Beshrew me, but such things have been where the Christian voice has been lost, only by reason of great alarm like that."

"Oh, that I had heeded the counsel of the Indian girl!" cried St. Elmo, bitterly bemoaning his rashness. "She bade me take caution when I approached."

"Ah, indeed! what a princess is that!" exclaimed the Englishman; "a gentle and comely maiden, with a step like a fawn, and movements as graceful as a dolphin. Oh, that a heathen land should boast such a miracle of maidenly beauty!"

"Ho!" cried St. Elmo, smiling in spite of his previous alarm, at the sudden enthusiasm manifested by his sailor comrade. "By St. Denis, you talk like an enamored swain, instead of Robin Ball."

"And if I be enamored of so dainty a damsel as yon red-skinned maid," answered the sailor, nothing daunted; "'twould not be the first of my land who wedded with a dusky princess. By my truth, but this huntress, or witch, or what e'er she be, is quite as comely as the queen Pocahontas, whom Master Rolfe brought to England with him, ere I set sail on my last voyage."

"She who saved the life of your countryman, Captain Smith," remarked St. Elmo.

"The same—a notable princess and daughter of a great king in the Virginia country," responded Robin Ball. "But, by my troth, monsieur, this witch o' th' woods would shame the Princess Pocahontas herself."

"She hath plainly bewitched thee, poor Robin," cried St. Elmo, as he rose quickly to greet the Indian girl, who now stepped lightly from the lodge. The sailor, on his part, became silent at once, contenting himself with following with his glances every motion of the graceful maiden.

Monoma had soothed her pale-faced protege to sleep once more, and commanded St. Elmo, with a lovely decision, that he should attempt no more rash surprises.

"Let the white braves now sleep!" said she, pointing to a pile of soft skins which lay in a corner of the outer wigwam. "To-morrow the white bird will sing in the ears of her friend."

And then with a glance at St. Elmo, which told the youth that the shrewd, red maiden already guessed the secret of his love, Monoma bade the white man good-night. But long after she had departed, to watch beside Marie, Robin Ball, who immediately regained his volubility, kept himself and companion awake by converse concerning infidel princesses and Indian queens won by the valor of British adventurers, and leaving their heathen homes to dwell in the far-off "merrie England" of their bold lovers.

On the following day Marie recovered from her agitation, and rejoiced to meet the young companion of her ill-fated voyage, conversed long with St. Elmo, and listened with interest to the quaint sayings of Robin Ball. And very soon the two strangers became informed of all the generous treatment which the French girl had experienced at the hands of Tisquontam and his noble daughter, and how the Indian chief had disappeared so suddenly, made prisoner, as was supposed by white men; at which last piece of information Rob Ball broke out into a malediction against Captain Pierre Jacot.

"It was that villain who did the deed!" cried the Englishman. "Oh, that I had his skull here to crack like a cocoa-nut with a good quarter-staff! Pray heaven we meet some time!"

Robin Ball knew not that the Creole's brigantine was, at this very time, nearing the coasts of America, and that a foeman keener for revenge than himself was waiting in prophetic anticipation of meeting the Creole murderer.

Several days passed on, and Marie, whose health was nearly restored, and her spirits manifestly improved by intercourse with the admiring St. Elmo, who made no secret of his love for her, was able to wander forth, well clad with Monoma's beaver mantle, for the air began now to grow chilly in the mornings and evenings, though the midday glowed with all the intensity of Indian Summer's heat. But as the French girl's frame regained its buoyancy, her mind dwelt constantly upon her brother whom she knew was but a half day's journey from the islet, but whose condition, whether happy or miserable, in health or sickness, was quite unknown to her. To behold her beloved Louis and the Abbe once more was now the constant desire of her heart, and Monoma at length proposed to set out for the Narragansett town, and, if possible, arrange a rendezvous where the captive brother might meet his sister, mourned as dead, but in reality so near to him. Robin Ball, who, clad in skins, and decorated with wampum, the gift of Monoma, presented quite an aboriginal appearance, was to accompany the Indian girl as far as the borders of Massasoit's village, while St. Elmo would remain near the one to whom his every prayer was devoted. But scarcely had this arrangement been made when a new incident changed the plans of all.

Monoma had arranged herself in huntress garb, and her faithful squire, Rob Ball, was admiringly regarding her; while Marie, pale but beautiful, stood near them, leaning against Gabriel St. Elmo, whose arm supported her fair head. Without the hut, a blue haze, the smoky veil of the Indian Summer atmosphere, was tinted with sunrise hues, and around the little islet had fallen piles of brown leaves, the first tribute of autumn to the winds which were soon to strip her garments away, and leave her naked, waiting for the wintry grave. As yet, however, the forests were beautiful, and on this particular morning, the usual chilliness was not noticeable, but on the contrary, a close and sultry atmosphere hung over the land and water, as if a violent tempest were at hand. On this day Monoma and Robin were to set forth for the Narragansett hunting grounds.

But as the small group stood in the wigwam, a step was suddenly heard without, and a tall figure darkened the entrance. St. Elmo and the sailor grasped their weapons, but Monoma uttered a cry of surprise and joy, and the next moment was clasped to the broad bosom of her father, Tisquontam. At the same moment, a tall form, richly clad in European garb, appeared upon the threshold.

"Where is she? My child!" exclaimed the voice of the new-comer, as he gazed wildly around, and then advanced into the lodge. Tisquontam, supporting the form of his Monoma, pointed silently toward Marie—but already the French maiden had been caught to the bosom of her sire.

"Marie! my beloved! image of my angel wife! do I again behold thee? Oh, joy, joy! I thank thee, Heavenly Father, for this crowning mercy!"

Marie, bewildered, and almost fainting, yet still sensible of the dear kindred of that voice which called her daughter, clung around the neck of Sieur Luzerne, whilst a torrent of tears gushed from her beautiful eyes. St. Elmo and Robin Ball gazed in wonder at the scene.

But all was soon explained; all tears dried, and every throb save that of happiness, calmed to rest in the loving breast of the re-united ones. And there, in that Indian lodge, amid the quiet of the little islet, and the shadowy forest, whilst the morning sun struggled upward through the mists, each thrilling story of the past was related, and glad voices mingled in the utterance of future hopes, till at length, as morn approached, Monoma suddenly rose, and cried—

"Let us go to your brother, dear Marie. He must share our happiness!"

"The noble boy! to him indeed must we hasten!" cried the Sieur de Luzerne. "At once let us set out."

Tisquontam rose and left the wigwam, but only to repair to the sea-shore, whence he speedily returned, accompanied by his British captain, and a well-armed company of mariners. These were soon marshalled with St. Elmo and Robin Ball at their head, and then the whole party set forth from the islet and took their way toward the Narragansett village.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BLAZING STAR.

The morning which followed the strange nuptials of Louis and Sameda on the moon-lighted seashore, the princess mingled as usual among the groups of youths and maidens who joined in spirit and converse, before the lodge of Massasoit, where gathered the old men and children of the tribe. But Sameda gave but little thought to light word, or gayety. Her heart was like a rose which is filled with rain, and often during the day would tears gush to her brilliant eyes, as she murmured, half-unconsciously, her lover's name.

Once a dark cloud covered her spirit, for she beheld the dread chief, Sakanto, enter her father's lodge, and feared lest the watchful eye of the medicine-man should read her secret. But the Indian's eyes, as he passed, were fixed upon the ground, and when he again came forth, he greeted the princess smilingly, and spoke a pleasant word, unusual to his silent mood. So Sameda grew cheerful again, and turned away, to think of her cherished Louis.

A hunt had been appointed for the day, and Massasoit, Sakanto, and the young white brave, were to follow the same trail. Together they pursued the flying deer, driving their arrows into his reeking breast—together they chanted the loud hunting-song that called the squaws of the tribe to bear the slain quarry to the lodges—and together, when the sports were over, they returned to the village, and sat down to smoke the evening calumet.

But when the general feasting was over, and the light of burning pine-knots began to gleam from one and another of the huts, Louis directed his steps to the sea-shore to meet his beloved Sameda. One day more were they to tarry among the red-men, and then, through the unknown wilderness, shape their course for the homes of distant white men. Louis hastened toward the lonely trysting place, but had advanced not far ere he met the Priest Cloude, who grasped his hand, and whispered hurriedly—

"Son Louis! I dread there is danger abroad."

"What fear you, Abbe Cloude?"

"My son! the craft of the savage is beyond our scrutiny. Tell me why yon lodge of Massasoit is illuminated, and why those grim warriors stand like sentinels around the door?"

"'Tis but a feast, good Father Cloude, a banquet of the royal chiefs, to which we, as captives, cannot be bidden. Sakanto spoke this day of it to Massasoit as we followed the hunting-path together."

"Ah! Sakanto! I fear that dark savage!" said the old man. "He hideth deep cunning in his busy brain. But why, my son, hath not Sameda quitted her sire's lodge to meet us, as she promised by the sea-side?"

"Let us hasten thither, Abbe Cloude! Doubtless Sameda there awaits our tardy coming. There together, father, we will invoke heaven's blessing on our purpose, and take counsel, so that the morrow's noon shall behold us far on our southern way, where the settlements of our race can protect us against all the power of Sakanto or Massasoit."

"But, my son! hear me! The princess has not yet left the king her father's lodge. I watched it during the twilight, and beheld her figure pass within—and there, also Louis, was the dark medicine-man!"

"I will go thither, then," cried the young man. "I will demand to behold my wife!" But the good Abbe checked his rash footsteps.

"Stay! it were death for either of us to enter the king's lodge unbidden. But, look! a warrior leaves the lodge! He comes towards us!"

As the Priest spoke a plumed chief emerged from the wigwam of Massasoit, and advanced toward the spot where the two pale-faces stood. Passing suddenly before them, he delivered his message in a measured voice—

"Massasoit bids his white brothers to the banquet!"

Then wheeling slowly he walked away in grave silence.

"We must follow," cried Louis. "It is but one of their rude festivals. We have nought to fear, and there shall I behold Sameda!"

"Heaven grant that no evil is in store for us!" answered the Priest, shaking his white locks.

And treading in the foot-prints of their plumed conductor, the two captives entered the presence of the Sachem Massasoit. The lodge was redly illumined by a score of pine-torches, which flashed their flaring light upon the dusky chiefs assembled around the seat where sat their savage king at the head of the lodge, glittering in wampum and war-paint. Sakanto stood beside him, and on either side of the wigwam a line of Narragansett braves smoked their pipes in solemn gravity. Near her father stood the Princess Sameda, holding in her hand a rude drinking-vessel. Her eye brightened as it marked her lover's entrance, and the goblet trembled in her grasp. Sakanto and Massasoit exchanged looks, and the Abbe Cloude fancied that some hidden meaning lurked in their regards.

"Let the white chiefs sit," said the Indian king, and then dropped his eyes to the ground. Silence then reigned throughout the lodge, every warrior fixing his keen gaze upon Sakanto.

"Let the white father smoke the pipe of peace!" said the medicine-man, and gave his calumet into the hands of Abbe Cloude.

The Priest trembled, for he noted an expression in the cunning Indian's face that boded some hidden design, and he saw likewise that no pipe was extended to his young countryman. At once the thought smote his mind that some treachery was intended toward Louis de Luzerne; and he turned pale, as he placed to his lips the pipe of Sakanto. But, aware that all eyes were upon him, he recovered himself, and breathing an inward prayer, looked calmly around upon the dusky groups that lined the wigwam.

Massasoit raised his head, and beckoned his daughter towards him.

"Let the heart of Sakanto the wise be made glad!" said the Sachem. "Let Sakanto drink of the draught which the child of Massasoit has prepared for her sagamore husband!"

Sameda's cheek flushed, and Louis, as he looked upon her fancied that a tear glittered in the eyes of his beloved, nevertheless the maiden knelt, and presented the cup which she held to the medicine-man's lips. Luzerne clinched his fingers tightly together, and half-muttered an impatient word, as he beheld this action on the part of his betrothed wife. But Sakanto received the cup, and swallowed a deep draught of the liquor which it contained. Then returning the goblet to Sameda, he said gravely—

"Let the daughter of Massasoit bear her father's cup to the young white brave. It is Sakanto's greeting."

Louis rose to his feet, and Sameda's eyes now glistened with pleasure, for the transfer of drinking-vessels was accounted a mark of high honor at an Indian feast. She approached her young husband, and knelt gracefully before him.

"Drink!" she murmured.

"Hold, my son! drink not!" gasped the old Priest, pressing the youth's arm.

Sakanto scowled.

"My father—there is nought to fear! He has himself drank of this cup!" returned Louis, as he lifted the goblet to his lips.

But Sameda's face suddenly changed its clear expression, for she had caught a glance at Sakanto's countenance, and beheld it lit with a demoniac triumph as he watched his rival. A sudden inspiration seemed to flash through the brain of the princess, and ere a drop of the liquor which half filled the goblet had reached the lips of Louis, her hand was extended, and plucked away the cup.

Sakanto sprang to his feet, and all the braves arose, whilst the white men gazed with appalled looks on the darkening countenances around them.

"Sameda!" cried the Sachem Massasoit, in a harsh tone.

But the princess answered not. She half reversed the goblet, and permitted its contents to escape slowly. Then holding it forth in the glare of the torch-light, the brave girl pointed to its bottom, where glittered a couple of white bones.

"Does Sakanto give his brother to drink of the adder's poison?" she said, calmly. "Has the white brave a charmed life, that he shall fear not the serpent's tooth?"

And, as the light flashed upon the cup, Abbe Cloude and Louis saw that the white bones at its bottom were the vertebræ of a rattle-snake.

The dark cheek of Massasoit suddenly paled, and his firm lip quivered like that of a woman. He had arisen from his throne, and now stood beside Sakanto, who, with a fiendish smile wreathing his lip, and a fierce glare in his eyes, regarded the young white captives. The medicine-man was furious at the failure of his attempt to poison his rival; for it was he who, in the moment of his quaffing the first draught from the goblet, had conveyed into it the serpent's teeth.

"Poison!" cried the Abbe Cloude, and dashed the calumet which he held upon the ground.

"Poison!" murmured Louis, his eyes resting upon the princess. "By thee—by thee, Sameda?"

A terrible pain darted through the youth's brain, and his blood rushed coldly to his heart, as he for an instant suspected that his wife had been privy to the plot against his life. Sameda divined his thought, and an unutterable woe pervaded her sensitive bosom. She tottered forward, and losing memory of all save her husband, cast her lovely arms about his neck—

"Sameda is innocent!" she cried; "Sameda is the wife of Louis! Sameda is faithful!"

"I believe thee—my sister! my bride!"

He clasped her to his heart, forgetful of Sakanto or danger. He gazed into her loving eyes, and pressing his lips to her brow, drew her closely to him till their two hearts mingled in quick pulsations.

"Come with me! away, my husband! Sameda will go to the white man's lodges. Come!"

Alas! the senses of the sweet princess wandered, and breathing a long, shivering sigh, she sank insensible upon her husband's breast, her face growing deathly, her heart ceasing its throbs. Louis knelt on the ground, supporting the form of his wife, whilst Abbe Cloude cried out to the braves, who, with Massasoit, were now crowding near—

"Back! ye have murdered her! Back, or Heaven's vengeance will assuredly come upon all this tribe!"

The warriors paused, for the white sage spoke as if inspired. But Sakanto laughed, and advanced to meet his rival. At this moment a great noise, as of bending trees was heard without, and a great clap of thunder suddenly reverberated through the Heavens.

The torches flared brightly upon the scene within the wigwam. Massasoit leaned upon his war club, as if feeble, for the sudden fainting of his child smote the Sachem's heart. The warriors grouped around, gazed upon the medicine-man, who alone seemed unmoved. Abbe Cloude kneeled beside Louis, who was supporting his Indian bride, and endeavoring to recall her to consciousness.

Again the terrific thunder sounded without, accompanied by quick flashes of lightning beneath which the torch glare paled. Abbe Cloude began to pray aloud, uplifted his arms to Heaven.

The Indians, as they listened to the thunder, and beheld the vivid lightning, and heard the low voice of Abbe Cloude invoking the Great Spirit's protection, felt a superstitious awe steal over their minds, all save Sakanto, who threw back his plumed head and laughed scornfully,

"Why does the white sagamore waste his breath? Sakanto will not harm the old man, but he will have vengeance upon the young pale face who would rob him of Sameda. Is it not so, Massasoit?" he asked, appealing to the king.

Massasoit groaned, and bowed his head.

"Thus will Sakanto punish all his enemies!" cried the medicine-man, emboldened by the king's assent.

"The Great Spirit will not permit the wicked to triumph!" answered the Abbe Cloude—using the Indian tongue, whilst he rose gravely to his feet. Meantime, the lightning continually flashed into the lodge, gleaming on the red men's forms, and lingering like fire on the priest's white forehead. "The Great Spirit will avenge the blood shed by his red children. He will utterly destroy the tribes, and give their hunting-grounds to those who live not like beasts, and betray not the innocent."

Massasoit shuddered at the white father's words, but Sakanto laughed, brandishing his war club.

"The red men are as the sands of the sea-shore in number," cried the arrogant medicine-man, "the Great Spirit himself cannot destroy us—for we are too many! Let the white prophet be silent. He speaks lies!"

"Though ye were countless as the grains of dust upon the mountains, yet hath the Great Spirit ways to destroy ye all—ways that ye know not of!"

"The white liar shall die!" cried Sakanto, furious at the bold words of the priest.

But at this moment a succession of loud whoops were heard without the wigwam, and immediately afterwards, a warrior rushed into the circle, with every mark of astonishment and fear upon his countenance. Behind him followed Tisquontam, attired in the full costume of a chieftain, and leading by the hand his daughter Monoma. At their backs came the Sieur Luzerne, Robin Ball, and the young merchant-captain, whilst several stalwart warriors, heavily armed, appeared at the lodge door.

Massasoit, as he beheld the strangers, preceded by the well-known Tisquontam, was struck with the fear that the Iroquois had become a traitor, and was now bringing the pale-faces to avenge the fate of the emigrants. But the Sachem nevertheless hesitated not to make a gallant show of resistance. He sprang to his feet, and with a single glance summoned every red warrior to his side, and then, fixing his eyes upon Tisquontam, said calmly—

"Has the Iroquois taken up the hatchet? Is he now upon the war-path?"

"We are friends!" returned Tisquontam quickly. "The pale-faced chiefs come to the lodge of Massasoit to smoke the pipe of peace."

"Ugh!" said the Indian, as relieved of his apprehension.

But Sakanto's ominous voice was now heard—

"The pale-faces are liars!" he cried, savagely, and a low response ran around the groups of savages.

"They are friends to the Narragansetts!" answered Tisquontam. "They wish to bury the hatchet. This chief of many winters has come to the lodge of Massasoit to seek his lost son, who is a captive, and who now stands by the daughter of the red chief." Saying this, Tisquontam pointed to Louis de Luzerne, who, with Sameda clinging to his bosom, looked wonderingly around.

The princess had recovered from her swoon, and her gaze tremblingly followed that of her lover. At this moment a low cry was heard at the door, and the maiden Marie, who had been left for better security in charge of St. Elmo, without the entrance of the wigwam, darted past the Iroquois, and sank upon the breast of Louis, who opened his arms to receive her.

This new interruption caused silence for a moment in the lodge, which was broken by Sakanto.

"What does the white squaw among warriors?" he cried. "Is the Narragansett Sachem a dog, that his lodge should not be respected?"

"Let Sakanto listen and be wise," answered the Iroquois. "The white bird hath found her mate. It is the brother of her heart, and this is the father of the captives, who seeks his lost children!" And Tisquontam led the Sieur Luzerne toward Massasoit, whose noble features expressed a quick interest in the event.

But Sakanto, divining in a moment that the generous nature of the Indian King was moved at the words of Tisquontam, now frowned blackly upon the Iroquois, and then addressing the warriors, exclaimed, angrily—

"May the curse of Hobbomocko rest upon the Narragansett who heeds the words of the Iroquois! May the curse devour all who listen to the cunning words of a pale-face! Sakanto will save himself!"

Uttering these words, the medicine-man sprang forward from the circle of warriors, and grasping suddenly the hair of Louis de Luzerne, who, folded in his sister's embrace, and impeded likewise by the clinging arms of Sameda, could offer no resistance, dragged the young man violently to the ground, and lifted his hatchet for a deadly stroke. All the demoniac spirit of the wicked Indian gleamed in his eyes, and assuredly it seemed that at the very moment when sister and father were at his side, the youth's hour had come. Massasoit grasped his club, and Tisquontam and Sieur Luzerne sought to rush forward, but the medicine-man triumphantly regarded them, conscious that he could deal his murderous blow ere their feet might advance a step towards him. But a power mightier than Sakanto was now abroad, whose fearful presence was suddenly attested. The first sound of the hurricane was rising on the shore, and sweeping the high plain on which the Narragansett village was situated; and even as the medicine-man poised his hatchet for the blow, a roar was heard without, and suddenly the light roof of Massasoit's wigwam was uplifted by the blast, and its thatched fragments swept away, like the dry leaves of a tree in the autumnal gale. Then, as all eyes turned towards the sky, a terrific chorus of wild cries was heard from beyond the lodge, mingled with the howl of the wind, which had swept onward in its destructive career.

But it was not the cries of horror and fear from the Narragansetts without, nor the fierce sound of the hurricane's approach, that caused every red man's eye to remain fixed, and made the bold brow of Sakanto to blanch, whilst the tomahawk trembled in his nerveless grasp. It was a spectacle of ominous character that appalled them.

A glorious yet terrible phenomenon was presented to the shrinking gaze of the Narragansetts. Across the western skies, from horizon to zenith, stretched the blazing length of a comet. Its fiery glare streamed down into the roofless lodge. There it hung, an awful phantom in the lurid heavens, menacing ruin and death to the world. With one accord Massasoit and his terrified Indians rushed from the lodge, forgetful of all save the immediate horror of the sight above. Sakanto released his hold of Louis and staggered after the King.

All the people of the village had now crowded before the Sachem's wigwam; affrighted groups of warriors, women, old men and children. A dismal wail went up from all, for each feared an individual fate, presaged by the dread master of the skies.

Some threw themselves prostrate upon the earth, hiding their faces in the grass; some leaped and ran wildly about; others, with bloodless cheeks and gasping breath, clung to one another, gazing, spell-bound, upon the object of their fear.

"Save us, oh, Sakanto!" cried Massasoit as the medicine-man followed him to the door. "Let the Great Spirit's wrath be averted!"

And all the Narragansett people echoed the words of their Sachem—

"Save us, oh, Sakanto!"

The medicine-man seized his bow, and fixed an arrow in its string. Then winding around the shaft a wampum amulet, which he took from his breast, and yelling a wild incantation, he shot upwards, towards the star of fire. The Indians awaited the result in superstitious awe, but no effect appeared to follow their sagamore's action.

Massasoit cast himself upon the sward, rolling his eyes anxiously around upon the faces of his cowering braves. At this instant Abbe Cloude advanced from the lodge, and almost instinctively the invocations of the multitude addressed him; for they knew that the white prophet's wisdom was great, and that he discoursed of the moon and stars. Sakanto himself made way for the priest, though he ceased not to mutter his own pow-wows and mysterious incantations.

But the blazing star receded not—its light streamed balefully over forest, plain and waters. Abbe Cloude paused in the midst of the red warriors at the spot where Massasoit had sunk to the ground, and standing beside the King, gazed with reverence upon the awful manifestation of his Maker's handiwork in the far-off deeps of space.

But when the good father beheld the medicine-man affix another arrow to his bow, in order to repeat his useless magic, he could no longer remain silent.

"Forbear, ignorant and presumptuous!" he cried. "Tempt not Him who made yon star, to hurl it upon His rebellious creatures! Behold in yonder sign the token of Manitou's wrath against your blood-guiltiness. Lo! the words which I spoke so lately, are now made sure by the power of the Great Spirit. Pestilence, and war, and desolation shall come upon ye! Your land shall be possessed by the strangers, and ye shall be scattered before them as the dry leaves are blown before the winds. Tremble, and repent!"

With these words, Abbe Cloude passed beyond the groups of shuddering Narragansetts, and joined his young countryman, Louis, who, with Sameda and Marie still clinging to him, had left the wigwam, and now stood at some distance, surrounded by Tisquontam and his friends. Then arose from the tribe a spontaneous cry, which had scarcely subsided, ere Massasoit began solemnly to chant the death-song; for the Sachem felt that Manitou had spoken by the white sagamore's mouth.

And as that monotonous death-chant arose from all the warriors and old men, Tisquontam, the Iroquois, led the way for his friends, from the Narragansett village, their path illumined by the blazing star that shone luridly through the murky air. Once Sameda looked back, to gaze upon her father, but the voice of Louis whispered in her ears, and she hurried on at his side.

Well, indeed, was it that the Iroquois hurried away his companions, and that ere another night, the reunited friends and relatives were safely embarked on board the galleon, and far away from land. For the comet had been the forerunner of the hurricane and earthquake, and the next evening occurred that fearful convulsion of nature which, as we have related, hurried the Creole, Captain Pierre, to the doom that he afterwards met at the hands of Mattakan. And ere many moons passed away, the words of Abbe Cloude became yet more fearfully verified. Pestilence came upon the Indian land, and of the great Narragansett nation the twentieth man alone survived. Sakanto fell one of the first victims to the terrible plague, which had doubtless been communicated to the savages by some of the articles plundered from the emigrant ship. Be that as it might, however, it is certain that afterwards, when the Plymouth settlers were first encountered by Samoset and other savages, they learned how their coming had been heralded by a blazing star, regarded by the Indians as an omen of war and pestilence. The pestilence which smote the red tribes was the small-pox.

Massasoit lived on as Sachem among his reduced tribe, till long after the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers, but his daughter, the wild bride of the stranger, dwelt with her husband in the distant French settlements of Canada, and slept at last by his side near the great waters of Niagara. There, too, tarried St. Elmo, espoused to Marie, with Monoma, who had learned to love Robin Ball, and under whose sway the rough sailor became gentle as a lamb. Tisquontam himself chose to remain near the sea-side, though yearly, at the Moon of Falling Leaves, he visited his child and her pale-faced friends. And when at length the English settlers made their homes on the Narragansett shores, no red man proved more faithful to their interests than did the once-kidnapped Iroquois.

MEMORY.

"Quick recollection," says Coleridge, "is often mistaken for reflection." This brief saying has suggested to me the inquiry, how much of our knowledge may be considered as independent of memory? I contend that, excepting a few first principles, such as personal existence, &c., (which are matters not of inference or demonstration, but of intuition,) none of our knowledge is unrelated to memory, and that all of it is ascertained without the aid of any such principle of the mind as the judgment or reflection.

Common minds seldom, almost never, reflect; they memorize. If you ask some if they have a good memory, they will answer no; meaning that they have not cultivated a memory of words and books. The truth is, they were not born with a love for that particular branch of science, but have applied themselves to some other. But the mind was so constituted that it must be active in something; therefore, each man has some one ability, acquired by a constant repetition of it, such, for instance, as cracking jokes, violin playing, drawing or painting. Proficiency in these is attained not by reasoning, but by frequently practising till memory is perfect. Thus all memorize; few think, few originate, few are creators. Shakspeare even was but a delineator. Such truthfulness to nature as his was never attained by meditating on abstract subjects in his closet, but by a daily contact with humanity as it really is. He painted the picture of human life as seen, visited and experienced by himself. His copies were perfect, it is true, but nature was the original which he so perfectly imitated from his matchless memory. His chief distinction was his memory.

Bunyan, too, who was an inventer if ever there was one, related in his immortal allegory only his own experience, and as truly depended upon memory as his chief resource, as he who learns the history of nations, and then rehearses to others. How long and vain was Newton's attempt to solve the law of gravitation among the heavenly bodies, till he remembered the falling apple. And after that great man had solved it, another could learn of him, and as perfectly understand the principle as did he who himself had solved it. A child learns the letters of the alphabet by this principle, by remembering what they are like. A, he remembers from the quaint idea of a man spreading his feet; O, because it looks like his hoop; X, because it resembles a saw-horse, and the others in some way, unknown perhaps to us, but certainly by memory. As he becomes more advanced, he will constantly recur to things remembered. If some new principle is presented, unconnected with previous knowledge, there is not a possibility that he will understand it, till a kind friend sees the difficulty, and refers him to some previously understood principle, and then all is made plain. Soon a whole treatise, which required months to understand, can be reviewed and understood in a few hours, because memory leads him through a familiar path; but if he enters a new field of science, the first step, perhaps, may be a difficulty inexplicable, till his own or his friend's memory suggests a word, and the whole principle is an axiom.

How wonderful is the capacity of memory! Cyrus and Frederick knew the names of every soldier in their armies; Homer could repeat the whole of the Iliad and the Odyssey. It is said that if all the writings of the five best British poets were destroyed to-morrow, Macaulay could restore two-thirds of them all from memory; and such instances are not solitary, though rare.—*Boston Cultivator.*

No Love in "Robinson Crusoe."—There is no love in "Robinson Crusoe." De Foe does not appear to have laid much stress upon love in any of his stories—but it should be remembered that he did not begin to write them until he had passed the period when men are usually moved by tender emotions. In his advanced years he could not exclaim with Dryden:

"Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflamed my blood, and now inspires my wit."

Even in his "Roxana, or, The Fortunate Mistress," where he dwells in ample detail upon the coarsest indulgences of passion, there is not a solitary hint of a purer feeling. But he has shown, nevertheless, a noble capacity for portraying it, had it come naturally within the design of any of the subjects he adopted. Robinson Crusoe was not in love, but he had a wife; and when she dies, the expression of his grief—simple, earnest and profound—has more true pathos in it than we shall find in scores of volumes of modern sentiment. After describing her as having been the stay of his affairs, the centre of his enterprises, whose prudence restrained his erratic tendencies, and adding that she "did more to guide his rambling genius than a mother's tears and a father's instructions, a friend's counsel, or all his own reasoning powers could do," he concludes his affecting apostrophe to her memory, by saying, "I was happy in being moved by her tears, and in listening to her entreaties, and to the last degree desolate and disconsolate in the world by the loss of her. *When she was gone, the world looked awkwardly round me.*" It is needless to observe how this matter would have been treated by most modern writers, and what efforts would be made to "pile up the agony," which is here dismissed in a few words heavily laden with a sorrow that goes straight to the heart.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Religious Fear.—So long as a belief in perceptions is regarded as indispensable to salvation, the pursuit of truth *as such* is not possible, any more than it is possible for a man who is swimming for his life to make meteorological observations on the storm which threatens to overwhelm him. The scope of alarm and haste, the anxiety for personal safety unmans the nature, and allows no thorough, calm thinking, no truly noble, disinterested feeling.—*Westminster Review.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

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The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

For the first time, we attended last week the meetings of a political National Convention—not as a participator, but as "a looker on in Venice." While we confess that the crowd, heat, excitement and enthusiasm of such a conclave are not, as an everyday event, particularly to our taste, still we are well satisfied to have seen "the elephant," tusks and all—and, four years from this time, doubtless would be prepared to witness the same scene over again.

We must say in justice to the Republican Convention, that while its enthusiasm was pretty constantly at the fever heat, no great portion of that enthusiasm was engendered upon brandy and water. In fact we hear that loud complaints are made against the members by the hotel-keepers on this very account. They denominate it no great shakes of a Convention—so far as the shaking of tumblers was concerned; and ask sorrowfully, what the country is coming to, when politicians—of all the men in the world—can resolve to do business without invoking the aid of the "spirits?"

We saw it stated of the Cincinnati Convention, that it was somewhat remarkable for the number of well fed, corpulent bodies, and fresh, ruddy faces which it contained. How correct this description may be, we know not; but we do know that it would not apply to the crowd of Delegates from all portions of the Free States, which crowded the Musical Fund Hall for between two and three days of last week. The general appearance was more that of earnest and thoughtful men, than of the take-your-life-easy and good-living class. Decidedly the most corpulent man we saw, was Mr. David Wilmot, of "Proviso" fame, from Northern Pennsylvania. The President, Lane of Indiana, looked as if he were made of whalebone—and though there were but few of so spare and limber a build, we think the generality approached more nearly to the type of the "lean Cassius" than to those whom the Roman Usurper desired, when he said,

"Let me have men around me who are fat—
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep at nights."

We cannot pretend to fill up the bare skeleton of the proceedings of the Convention, given as is our wont in our news columns, with that fulness of description which alone can bring such a meeting in its full proportions before the reader. Certainly we have neither the room nor the time—very, probably we have not the skill. But a few random remarks may not be unacceptable to men of all parties.

One of the most amusing scenes during the sessions, was a popular response to a question of Col. Webb's, of the New York Courier and Inquirer. The subject before the Convention, was whether an informal ballot should be gone into at once, or whether it should be postponed till the next day, in order to allow more time for consultation between the different delegations. The colonel said that our Revolutionary Fathers, when selecting a commander for their forces, spent three weeks in endeavoring to get at the opinion of the country, before definitely deciding upon Washington. "Are we wiser than our fathers?" continued the colonel. "Yes," "yes," came from various parts of the hall, instead of the emphatic "no" which had been anticipated, immediately followed by tumultuous laughter. Was not that "Young America" all over? The speaker was for the moment disconcerted, but, recovering himself, he said he did not envy the complacency of those who thought they were wiser and better than their fathers. Another laugh followed, and the response, "No, not better; we did not mean that."

We may suggest that "Young America" was right, in one sense—as it has been said that a dwarf, standing on the shoulders of a giant, can see further than the giant himself. And certainly the men of this day, after all the experiences, inventions, and improvements of the last fifty years, ought to be wiser than their revolutionary fathers.

The all-aliveness—if we may coin a word—of the Convention, as shown by the above and other responses to the speakers, was one of its most interesting features, and a good guage of its intellectual calibre. For instance, upon two occasions, vague charges were made that certain unfair influences had been brought to bear upon the delegates. "No," "no," "no," was thundered from all sides, "take it back," "take it back"! "Well, I take that back," said the speaker, in one instance, and, he was greeted with a buzz of mingled laughter and applause for his good behaviour. The same charge being made at another session, by another speaker, he was greeted in the same way—but, showing a disposition to insist in spite of the popular disapproval, was summarily ruled out of order by the chair.

By the way, the President of the Convention twice assumed the Dictator's position, and acted despotically for the Convention's good. When the name of Judge McLean was unexpectedly withdrawn by Judge Spalding, by virtue of authority contained in a letter from the Judge, which he read, the friends of McLean naturally asked for an adjournment, to decide upon their course in the embarrassing situation in which the withdrawal had placed them. This the Fremont delegates unwisely seemed inclined to refuse—notwithstanding the usual hour of adjournment was close at hand. Whereupon the President put the motion to adjourn till five o'clock P. M., and—without calling the negative at all—declared the motion carried, and the Convention adjourned. This was one of those dictatorial acts, which a presiding officer may be allowed to take the responsibility of sometimes, but in which the penalty of a mistake of judgment is the popular verdict, "off with his head."

We wrote last week, even before the assembling of the Republican Convention, that the indications were very strong that Col. Fremont would be the candidate both of the Republicans and the Northern Americans. The result has proved the correctness of our prediction. A word in relation to this matter also, may not be uninteresting to our readers.

It was evident almost from the first session of the Convention, that there were but two candidates really before it—Col. Fremont and Judge McLean. The delegations from Pennsylvania, Ohio and New Jersey, were the most earnest and the principal supporters of the Judge. Our own State, especially, pressed his nomination with such great zeal and determination, as evidently made quite an impression upon several other delegations, especially upon that of Maine. In truth, if the vote had been taken during the first session, McLean probably would have polled a much smaller number than was afterwards given him. Judge Spalding's withdrawal of his name, and after withdrawal of the withdrawal, probably increased rather than injured McLean's chances of success.

But the New England, New York, and the Western delegations, with a few exceptions, were nearly unanimously for Col. Fremont. Among their reasons for preferring him to Judge McLean, seemed to be the following: They said a New Party should, consistently, have a New Man, in order that no old issues might be connected with the canvass—that this New Man should be of Democratic antecedents, in order that no room should be given for the charge that it was merely the old Whig party revived—that what was needed at this time in a chief Executive officer, if he could be elected, was energy, determination, nerve, rather than a more judicial class of qualities—that, to manifest to the country that no rash and unconstitutional assaults upon the system of Slavery were to be feared, a man of Southern birth was to be preferred over one of Northern origin—that as the contest was really to be fought upon the rival platforms, it was better that the platform should dwarf the man, than the man the platform—and, finally, that the deaths of Harrison and Taylor had proved the risk of electing men to the Presidency who had evidently almost reached the closing period of their lives. These, and other reasons, often more strongly felt than clearly expressed, evidently controlled and decided the judgments of the great majority of the members.

As to the Vice Presidency, it was evident that Pennsylvania could have dictated the Vice President, had she been united in her choice—but she was not. Her delegation evidently feared that the nomination of Ex-Governor Johnston would tend quite as much to distract as to unite the rival interests of the State. Mr. Wilmot was proposed—but he was an old Democrat, and there was one already on the ticket. Therefore, Pennsylvania having no suitable man to present, New Jersey brought forward her Dayton, and he was chosen almost by acclamation.

So much for some of the incidents, and the controlling motives of the Convention—which may prove of interest alike to those who intend to support, and to those who intend to oppose its nominations. We regret very much that the Democratic Convention also was not held in Philadelphia, for we should like to have been able to see its members face to face, and feel their pulses with more accuracy than we were able to do at the distance of Cincinnati. If "the proper study of mankind is man," surely a better opportunity of studying the American people, in all their various characteristics, could scarcely be afforded than at the rival National Conventions.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

By the late foreign news, it will be perceived that the dismissal of Mr. Crampton was generally expected in England. Whether, in return, Mr. Dallas will be dismissed, cannot be judged with certainty from the tone of the London papers. We hear that Mr. Dallas himself inclines to the opinion that he will be allowed speedily to return to this side of the Atlantic; and though he may be mistaken in his judgment, very few of his fellow-citizens, we suppose, would be at all surprised to see him walking up from the wharf some fine morning, with all his usual serenity and dignity of bearing.

One thing is very noticeable in the tone of the English press, upon the recognition of Gen. Walker, and the expected dismissal of Mr. Crampton—a decided proclivity to considering both events a portion of the electioneering policy of Gen. Pierce, for which the great majority of the American people should not be held responsible. The remark of Lord Clarendon upon the policy of not hurrying matters at present, evidently referred to the approaching Presidential contest, and the chances of a new administration, with different views upon the foreign policy of the country, being installed in the high places of power. This of itself proves, what the almost universal language of the press also indicates, the extreme unwillingness of the English people to be plunged into a fratricidal war with the United States. And certainly they are the very last nation with whom the United States should desire to be at war—being more closely connected with us in all respects, by blood, by a common language, by a common literature, by the resemblance of our laws, by olden and sacred traditions, and by a mutual love and veneration of Freedom, than any other people.

If Mr. Dallas be dismissed in his turn, it is probable that no attempts at the re-establishment of diplomatic intercourse will be made until next year. With the advent of a new administration, a new leaf, it is to be hoped, will be turned over in the management of our foreign affairs; and that we will be as careful, in the language of President Jackson, "to ask for nothing but what is clearly right," as "to refuse to submit to anything that is wrong." If we cannot attain the objects of our desire by fair means, let us abhor all resort to foul. What we would "highly," that let us do "holily"—and not attempt to steal by means of filibustering, that which the lawful owners are not willing to sell to us.

THE ASYLUM FOR IMBECILE CHILDREN.—Probably many of our readers are not aware that a very excellent asylum of this character is now in operation at Germantown, near this city. The present Medical Superintendent is *Dr. Joseph Parrish*, a gentleman in whom every confidence may be placed. Great improvement, in nearly every case, has resulted from the placing of such children at this Institution—and, in some cases, the change for the better has been almost marvellous. We would advise those among our readers who may have children so afflicted, to institute an examination into the relative advantages of training in such a school, as compared with a more private treatment. All wishing further knowledge of the Institution to which we have called attention, will address *Dr. Joseph Parrish, Germantown, Penn.*

THE WEATHER during the latter part of last week was excessively hot in this city—but that of Sunday, the first day of this week, was still hotter; the thermometer standing within half a degree of the warmest day last year. As a consequence, our citizens are beginning to look up their trunks, and consider the various routes of travel. We go to Niagara by the romantic routes through our own coal regions—a route which we recommend to all our readers southward of Philadelphia.

THANKS.—The thanks of the editorial fraternity generally are due to the Committee of Arrangements of the Republican National Convention, for the excellent accommodations provided for the Reporters. Seven tables, each with twelve seats, and placed in the best possible position, enabled the Press to see and hear all that was transpiring. We may add that the other arrangements of the Committee also seem to have been made with similar liberality, good sense and foresight.

JENNY LIND COMING AGAIN.—It is said that Jenny Lind is coming again to the United States. She is to make her last appearance at London on the 30th, prior to her departure for this country. Her voice is said to be as sweet as ever, though it has lost in some other respects.

GENERAL AGENCY OFFICE.—We are requested to call the attention of our readers to Mr. McNamara's advertisement of a General Agency Office. We have known Mr. McNamara for a considerable time, and always found him both intelligent and trustworthy.

James J. Strang, the pseudo Mormon leader, was shot at Beaver Island on the 16th, by two of his former followers. He received three balls in the body, and a severe blow from a pistol on the head. Strang was alive up to noon 17th, but lay in a very critical condition. The assassins had been arrested.

COL. JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.

As we have already given a portrait of Mr. Buchanan, we give this week a portrait of Col. Fremont. John C. Fremont is still a young man. His father, who died when he was a child, was a Frenchman, his mother a Virginian. He was born at Savannah on the 21st of January, 1813, and educated at Charleston, South Carolina, where his mother, left a widow with three children, had taken up her residence. The circumstances of the family were exceedingly narrow and the childhood of Fremont was surrounded by privations and difficulties.

At Charleston Fremont enjoyed the instructions of Dr. John Robertson, who, in the preface to a translation of Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand, which he published in 1850, records with pride the remarkable proficiency of his pupil. In 1828 he entered the junior class of Charleston College; after leaving which he employed himself for some time as a teacher of mathematics. In 1833, he obtained that post on board the sloop-of-war Natchez, and on board of her made a cruise of two years and a-half. On his return he adopted the profession of a surveyor and railroad engineer, and was employed in that capacity under Captain Williams of the Topographical Engineers in the survey of a route from Charleston to Cincinnati. When this survey was suspended, he accompanied Captain Williams in a reconnoissance of the country then occupied by the Cherokees, after which he joined M. Nicolet, a distinguished French savan in the employ of the United States, in an exploring expedition over the North-Western prairies. He was employed in this survey, in which he acted as principal assistant, during the years 1838 and 1839, and while absent upon it, was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the Corps of Topographical Engineers. While reducing the materials of this survey, and preparing maps and a report, he resided for some time at Washington, where he formed the acquaintance of the family of Mr. Benton, resulting in a runaway marriage, in 1841, to one of Mr. Benton's daughters. From his marriage by a Catholic priest, has arisen a rumor of his being a Catholic. This, however, is a mistake, as he was born in, and is now a member of, the Protestant Episcopal Church. Owing to fear of displeasing Col. Benton, the clergy of Washington generally refused to marry them—but at last a lady friend, who was a Catholic, found a priest who was willing to incur the responsibility of joining the great Senator's daughter to a young officer of engineers. The Colonel soon became well reconciled to his daughter's choice—though he is again astounded at the temerity of the "young man" in running for the Presidency.

Shortly after—in May, 1842—he started on the first of his three great exploring expeditions. This expedition, which occupied about five months, resulted in the exploration of the famous South Pass across the Rocky Mountains, and in the ascent by Fremont and four of his men of the Wind River peak, the highest summit of the Rocky Mountain chain. The report of this exploration attracted great attention, both at home and abroad. This report was scarcely published when its author started on a second expedition designed to connect the discoveries of the first one with the surveys to be made by Commodore Wilkes, of the Exploring Expedition on the Pacific Coast, and thus to embrace a connected survey of the almost unknown regions on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. The party, including thirty-nine persons, started from the village of Kansas on the 29th of May, 1843, and were employed in the exploration till August of the next year. It was this exploration that first furnished any accurate information as to the Great Salt Lake, the great interior basin of Utah, and the mountain range of the Sierra Nevada, and first brought to light, as it were, the region now constituting the Territory of Utah and the State of California.

After preparing the report of this expedition in the Spring of 1845, Fremont, now a Captain, set out on a third expedition designed to make a more particular survey of the regions which he had previously visited. It was while engaged in this expedition, and before he had received any intimation of the commencement of the war with Mexico, that, after having himself been once ordered off by the authorities, he was induced by the entreaties of the American settlers in the valley of the Sacramento, whom the Mexicans threatened to drive out of the country, to put himself at their head. Thus led, they defeated the Mexicans. Fremont put himself into communication with the naval commanders on the coast, and soon, in conjunction with Commodore Stockton, obtained complete possession of California, of which, on the 24th of August, he was appointed by Stockton Military Commander. The fighting, however, was not yet over. The Californians rose in insurrection; but the arrival of Gen. Kearney with his dragoons from New-Mexico, enabled the Americans, after some hard-fought battles, to maintain themselves in possession. Pending these operations, a commission arrived for Fremont as Lieut. Colonel—a promotion which neither he nor his friends had solicited, but which he gladly received as a ratification on the part of the Government of his intervention, on his own responsibility, in the affairs of California.

From the moment of Kearney's arrival a dispute had sprung up between him and Commodore Stockton as to the chief command. Kearney sought to throw upon Fremont the responsibility of deciding between their respective claims. This he declined, professing his readiness, if they would agree between themselves, to obey either; but declaring his intention, till that point was settled, to continue to obey the commander under whom he had first placed himself, and by whom the war had been conducted. Kearney was greatly dissatisfied at this, but dissembled his resentment till they both reached Fort Leavenworth on their return home, when he arrested Fremont for disobedience of orders and brought him to trial before a court-martial.

At this Court held that Kearney was the rightful commander, they found Fremont guilty of the charges, and sentenced him to be dismissed from the service. Mr. Polk, then President, signed the sentence as being technically right, but at the same time offered Fremont a new commission of the same grade as that of which he had been deprived. This Fremont refused, and returned a simple citizen to private life. Thus, discharged from the service of the Government, he undertook a fourth exploring expedition of his own, with a view to discover a passage across the Rocky Mountains southerly of the South Pass, near the head of the Arkansas, which might serve the purpose of a railroad communication with California. He started from Pueblo, on the Upper Arkansas, with thirty-three men and a hundred and thirty-three mules; but, misled by his guides, all his mules and a third of his men perished in the snows and cold of the Sierra San Juan, and he himself arrived on foot at Santa Fe with the loss of everything but his life. Not, however, to be baffled, he refitted the expedition, and in a hundred days, after fresh dangers, reached the banks of the Sacramento.

In the rising State of California, in which he had become one of the earliest American proprietors, by the purchase, during his former visit, of the since famous Mariposa grant, Mr. Fremont took a great interest. He was active in the formation of the State Constitution, and in securing in that document a positive exclusion of Slavery, and was chosen one of the first Senators to represent the new State in Congress. A short term of two years fell to his lot, and, owing to the delay in the admission of the State, he sat in the Senate only one short session.

Mr. Fremont now devoted himself to developing the resources of his California estate, which had been discovered to be rich in gold; but, in addition to the loss of his commission, as the only reward he had realized for his services in California, he now found himself greatly annoyed by claims against him for supplies which, during his campaign in California, had been furnished to the United States on his private credit. During a visit to London, he was arrested on one of these claims, and it was only after great delay that the Government of the United States was finally induced to relieve him from further annoyance by the payment of these debts. In maintaining his right to the Mariposa property, he was also obliged to encounter many annoyances, but finally, by repeated decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, he triumphed over all of them.

The editor of the Washington "*National Intelligencer*," describes Col. Fremont as a man of high qualities, modest, wise for his years, self-reliant, brave, collected and calm amid dangers.

New Publications.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for July is for sale at the various book stores. The number is unusually good. It has, among many entertaining articles, a paper on the Social Hours of Daniel Webster from which we extract the following anecdotes:—

One day, some of us, in his presence, were talking of a lady's eyes—naturally brilliant, but which she endeavored to render more effective by the way she managed them.

"They remind me, with their long and dark eyelashes," I said, "of Cupid's artillery in ambuscade."

"They rather should be compared," said A., "to heat-lightning."

"Not so," replied Mr. Webster; "for heat-lightning never strikes."

Mr. Webster said, the managers of the Whig party would be entitled to the same epitaph that was inscribed upon the tombstone of an Italian: "I was well—I tried to be better—and I lie here."

Mr. Webster told the writer, one day, that the celebrated phrase of "conquering a peace," used by President Polk, in one of his Messages, was not original with that gentleman. "Frederick the Great," he said, "was a century before him. During the Seven Years' War, when affairs seemed to be going badly for him, that great King one day asked the English Embassador, who accompanied him in all the campaigns of that war, if he thought they could *conquer a peace* from the Allies?"

"'With the aid of God, sire, I doubt it not,' replied the Embassador.

"'So, then,' continued Frederick, 'God is one of your allies, is he?'

"'Yes, sire, and the only one who takes no subsidies.'

"'And his services,' replied the King, 'seem to be in proportion to his pay.'"

Mr. Webster said, that his allusion to "scavengers," in the reply to Hayne, was generally, but erroneously, supposed to refer to Levi Woodbury, at that time a Senator from New Hampshire; but that he intended the rebuke for a person then United States District Attorney for Massachusetts, and a vehement partisan of the Administration. He could not make any formal denial of its intended application to Mr. Woodbury, because neither that gentleman nor any of his friends ever approached him on the subject, as he otherwise would cheerfully have done.

He often spoke of Jefferson and Madison, and contrasted their characters and habits.

"Madison," he said, "was a man at his own table, or at others', fond of anecdotes, and of telling and hearing stories. He loved a joke though somewhat coarse, and easy conversation.

"Jefferson rather preferred scientific or literary discussions. He was addicted to French tastes, French manners, and French principles. Often unjustly attacked by them, the Federalists yet did him no injustice in charging upon him a preference for French opinions, whether in politics, morals or religion.

"He used to dwell with pleasure upon his acquaintance with D'Alembert, Condorcet, and others of the Liberal Philosophy; and often spoke of the *conversations* of Madame Defland, at which he was a frequent and not undistinguished guest. His 'Notes on Virginia' had been published, and were known and admired at Paris; while his conversational powers, no less than his diplomatic ability, confirmed the impression of his intellectual eminence."

Mr. Webster, in the course of his remarks, narrated a story of Jefferson's overcoming Buffon on a question of Natural History. It was a dispute in relation to the moose—the moose-deer, as it is called in New Hampshire—and in one of the circles of *beaux esprits* in Paris, Mr. Jefferson contended for certain characteristics in the formation of the animal, which Buffon stoutly denied. Whereupon Mr. Jefferson, without giving any one notice of his intention, wrote from Paris to General John Sullivan, then residing at Durham, New Hampshire, to procure and send him the whole frame of a moose. The General was no little astonished at a request he deemed so extraordinary; but well acquainted with Mr. Jefferson, he knew he must have sufficient motive for it; so he made a hunting party of his neighbors and took the field.—They captured a moose of unusual proportions, stripped it to the bone, and sent the skeleton to Mr. Jefferson, at a cost of fifty pounds sterling. On its arrival, Mr. Jefferson invited Buffon and some other *savans* to a supper at his house, and exhibited his dear-bought specimen. Buffon immediately acknowledged his error, and expressed his great admiration for Mr. Jefferson's energetic determination to establish the truth. "I should have consulted you, Monsieur," he said, with usual French civility, "before publishing my book on Natural History, and then I should have been sure of my facts."

"Soon after I had commenced the practice of my profession in Boston," said Mr. Webster, "a circumstance occurred, which forcibly impressed upon my mind the sometimes conclusive eloquence of silence; and I wondered no longer that the ancients had erected a statue to her as a divinity.

"A man in New Bedford had insured a ship, lying at the time at the wharf there, for an amount much larger than its real value, in one of our Insurance Offices at Boston. One day news arrived in Boston that this ship had suddenly taken fire, and been burned down to the water's edge. It had been insured in the Massachusetts Insurance Company, of which General Arnold Wells was President, and myself attorney.

"General Wells told me of the misfortune that had happened to the Company in the loss of a vessel so largely insured; communicating to me at the same time the somewhat extraordinary manner in which it had been destroyed.

"'Do you intend,' asked him, 'to pay the insurance?'

"'I shall be obliged to do so,' replied the General.'

"'I think not; for I have no doubt, from the circumstances attending the loss, that the ship was set on fire with the intent to defraud the Company of the insurance.'

"'But how shall we prove that? and what shall I say to Mr. ——, when he makes application for the money?'

"'Say nothing,' I replied, 'but hear quietly what he has to say.'

"Some few days after this conversation, Mr. Blank came up to Boston and presented himself to General Arnold Wells at the Insurance Office. Mr. Blank was a man very careful of his personal appearance, and of punctilious demeanor. He powdered his hair, wore clean ruffles and well-brushed clothes, and had a gravity of speech becoming a person of respectable position. All this demanded civil treatment; and whatever you might think of him, you would naturally use no harsh language toward him. He had a defect in his left eye, so that when he spoke he turned his right and sound eye to the person he addressed, with a somewhat oblique angle of the head, giving it something such a turn as a hen who discovers a hawk in the air. General Arnold Wells had a corresponding defect in the right eye.

"I was not present at the interview, but I have heard it often described by others who were. General Wells came out from an inner office, on the announcement of Mr. Blank's arrival, and *fixed* him (to use a French expression) with his sound eye—looking at him seriously but calmly. Mr. Blank looked at General Wells with *his* sound eye, but not steadily—rather as if he sought to turn the General's right flank.

"They stood thus, *with their eyes cocked at* each other, for more than a minute before either spoke; when Mr. Blank thought best to take the initiative.

"'It is a pleasant day, General Wells, though rather cold.'

"'It is, as you say, Mr. Blank, a pleasant, though rather cold day,' replied the General, without taking his eye down from its range.

"'I should not be surprised, General,' continued Mr. Blank, 'if we should have a fall of snow soon.'

"'There might be more surprising circumstances, Mr. Blank, than a fall of snow in February.'

"Mr. Blank hereupon shifted his foot, and topic. He did not feel at ease, and the less so from his desperate attempts to conceal his embarrassment.

"'When do you think, General,' he inquired, after a pause, 'that Congress will adjourn?'

"'It is doubtful, I should think, Mr. Blank, when Congress will adjourn; perhaps not for some time yet, as great bodies, you know, move slowly.'

"'Do you hear anything important from that quarter, General?'

"'Nothing, Mr. Blank.'

"Mr. Blank by this time had become very dry in the throat—a sensation, I have been told, one is very apt to feel who finds himself in an embarrassing position, from which he begins to see no possibility of escape. He feared to advance, and did not know how to make a successful retreat. At last, after one or two desperate and ineffectual struggles to gain self-possession, finding himself all the while within point-blank range of that raking eye, he wholly broke down, and took his leave, without the least allusion to the matter of insurance.

"He never returned to claim the money."

It so happened that one day Mr. Webster, dining at a friend's house, was placed next to one of those women whom Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom, sends into the world instead of plagues and earthquakes. From the soup to the dessert she talked, and on every subject, with the utmost confidence, and most exotic language.

The writer could hear the storm of words strike against that gray Titanic head, and see it bend in deprecation. His bowels yearned in sympathy; and he succeeded in making an exchange with the gentleman who sat on her other side, in hopes to create a diversion in favor of the imprisoned victim. For a while he partially succeeded; he had pressed into his service, for the nonce, a few sonorous expletives and striking, though irrelative, expressions, and with these he encountered the enemy. But what *could* such raw, undisciplined militia do against regular troops? It was another rout at Bladensburg. She soon silenced my badly-served artillery, and put to flight my hasty levies; and attacked with increased ferocity the Defender of the Constitution, now without defence himself. So you have seen, in a nor'east storm, for a moment or two, a breaking of the clouds, and perchance a speck of azure; but the storm redoubles its violence, and the clouds rush together deeper, darker, deadlier than before.

Opposed, unprotected, to the pitiless pelting of this storm, Mr. Webster for a short time bore up manfully, though the perspiration started from his brow, and the veins of his forehead seemed swollen with agony. But human endurance has its limit. Montezuma might indeed philosophize on his red-hot gridiron, and Cranmer preach homilies at the burning stake; but the unmitigated torture of a woman's tongue who could long endure? Mr. Webster, as he afterward told the writer, was on the point of leaving the table, on the plea of sudden indisposition, when the ladies—perhaps on a recognition of the state of affairs by the hostess—obeyed her hint, and retired. Mr. Webster leaned over to the writer, and exclaimed, with panting breath,—"My countryman, did you ever see such a *hurricane of a woman?*"

Some one remarking that no newspaper had correctly printed a Latin quotation in one of his letters, and that it required a scholar even to correct proofs; "Doubtless," he replied; "but the man of mechanical pursuits, of any engrossing pursuit, cannot attend to classical studies—cannot, indeed retain what in earlier youth he may have acquired. I find it so. Life is too short for study. One life is required for a complete mastery of ancient classics, of Grecian and Roman lore—another for the full understanding and ready use of English poetry, from Chaucer down to the present time; while another should be devoted to modern sciences. I grow more convinced and more ashamed of my ignorance daily; and I fear that in all my productions I recede more and more from the terse expression of my younger days—that I grow diffuse, and indulge in unnecessary repetition.

"My style was not formed without great care and earnest study of the best authors. I have labored hard upon it, for I early felt the importance of expression to thought. I have re-written sentence after sentence, and pondered long upon each alteration. For, depend upon it, it is with our thoughts as with our persons—their intrinsic value is mostly undervalued, unless outwardly expressed in an attractive garb. Longinus tells us that the most sublime passage to be found in any language is this in the Bible: 'Let there be light, and there was light;' the greatest effort of power in the tersest and fewest words—the command and the record one exertion of thought. So should we all aim to express *things* in words."

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON. Complete in One Volume. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

In this charming little volume, bound in blue and gold, and just large enough to carry in one's pocket into the green woods or by the summer sea, is printed in a bold, clear type, every poem of the greatest living poet, from "Claribel" to the "Charge of the Light Brigade," "Maud," "The Princess," and the noble "In Memoriam," inclusive. It is the most beautiful edition of Tennyson we have ever had, and the most serviceable. The fault of most pocket editions is the sightless minuteness of their type; but this is exceedingly legible. It would be a good idea, and we recommend it to Ticknor & Fields as such, to get up a set of the poets after the model this volume affords.

CALDERON: HIS LIFE AND GENIUS, WITH SPECIMENS OF HIS PLAYS. BY RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH. Redfield, New York. For sale by C. Desilver, Philadelphia.

It is gratifying to notice the demand arising in America for a class of works of which the present volume is a type. But even now, though Cervantes is known, there are thousands who have never heard of Lope de Vega and Calderon. We recommend to all such this volume. It is a beautiful and effective rendering of some of the best poems of the eminent Spanish poet. An admirably written memoir of Calderon is prefixed to the translations; and these are interspersed with observations on the poetry, which show great analytical and appreciative power. By way of criticism, we must remark that we think Mr. Trench has either mistaken Calderon's metre in some instances, or has failed to render it faithfully. We may, however, be mistaken. At any rate, the work is as a whole admirably executed, and forms a valuable addition to literature.

ELEMENTS OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY. By HUBBARD WINSLOW. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Mr. Winslow is one in that army of able men which has sprung from the soil of New England. His ability is unquestionably proved by this thorough, perspicuous, and learned treatise, which cannot fail to be of great value to the student, and indeed to all thoughtful readers. Its views and definitions will, we judge, be generally agreed with. Of course it has points with which many readers of many minds will take issue. But in the main it is profound, self-evident, liberal and manly, and will be studied with much practical profit. Parents will find it a valuable work to place in the hands of their elder children.

THE MODERN STORY TELLER; OR THE BEST STORIES OF THE BEST AUTHORS. G. P. Putnam & Co., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This is the first volume of a series designed to preserve, in a permanent form, the best specimens of the story literature of the English language, and contains about two and twenty tales, moderate in length, and of sterling excellence. It is one of those books which are the pleasantest companions in the rushing train, by the sea side, in the woods, and which serve well to amuse occasional weary hours anywhere.

T. B. Peterson, 102 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, has the Illustrated Brother Jonathan, a jubilee number for the Fourth of July, full of wood engravings, in every way equal to the best English pictorials, and cheap at a shilling.

North American National Convention.

The North American Convention met on the 10th, at New York. No business was transacted till the afternoon, when the Report of the Committee appointed to confer with the Republican Committee was read. It narrated the proceedings of the Committee, and the manner of the reception of their communication by the Philadelphia Convention, stating that during their conference with the Republican Committee, they withdrew the name of Ex-Governor Johnston as a candidate for the Vice Presidency, and substituting another, but the Republicans disregarded the recommendation. The Committee counselled no course of action.

Several speakers denounced the action of the Republican Convention in strong terms. Mr. Wild, of New York, and Mr. Kalkins, of Pennsylvania, declared themselves now for Mr. Fillmore. Mr. Williamson, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Schaffer, of New York, favored the nomination of a clean American ticket.

The report was adopted, and the Convention adjourned to the next day.

The Convention reassembled on the 20th inst., when Mr. Allen, of Massachusetts, said that, in behalf of New England, New York, and the West, and in behalf of Mr. Banks, he was authorized to withdraw the name of that gentleman. He was also authorized to say that Mr. Banks had declared himself, in case of a disagreement here as to candidates, in favor of Col. Fremont.

Mr. Allen moved that Col. Fremont and Governor Johnston be declared the nominees of this Convention, for the offices of President and Vice President.

Mr. Mott, of New York, seconded the motion.

Considerable discussion ensued, Lieut. Governor Ford, of Ohio, and others, advocating the motion.

Mr. Sawyer, of Pa., went for beating both the Republicans, and moved to substitute the name of Commodore Stockton for that of Col. Fremont.

E. C. Baker, of Mass., made a speech in favor of Fremont and Johnston. If the Democratic party was not overthrown, he believed there was no chance for Americanism to live.

Mr. Riddle, of Penn., was in favor of the entire Republican ticket.

The question on Mr. Sawyer's amendment to substitute the name of Stockton for Fremont was put and lost, only two voting in favor of it.

The original question was then put, and unanimously carried, amid the greatest enthusiasm, and long and prolonged cheering for Fremont and Johnston, which continued for many minutes.

The Fillmore men, who had taken possession of the galleries, went to cheering for Fillmore, and groaning for Fremont and George Law.

Order being restored, a motion was carried to appoint a National Committee of one from each State.

A committee of five was appointed to prepare an address to the people of the United States, as follows:

Hammond, of New York; Temple, of Massachusetts; Briggs, of Ohio; Riddle, of Pennsylvania; Howard, of California.

The Chair announced the following as a National Committee:—J. Williams, Pa.; Anthony Colly, N. H., E. J. Nightingale, R. I.; F. H. Ruggles, N. Y.; Thos. H. Ford, Ohio; John Lockwood, Wis.; L. H. Webster, Iowa; E. Bugsley, Oregon; D. B. Peck, Me.; A. Richmond, Mass.; L. E. Peck, Conn.; S. H. Meredith, Ind.; A. M. Norton, Mich.; N. C. Geer, Ill.; W. A. Howard, Cal.; J. A. Perry, Kansas.

The Committee were empowered to appoint for States not represented.

The thanks of the Convention were tendered to the officers of the Convention, the delegates of New York, and to the reporters, and the Convention adjourned.

NEWS FROM KANSAS.—Late advices from Washington state that notwithstanding the current reports that the Administration has changed its policy regarding Kansas, it has been satisfactorily ascertained that such is not the fact. The principles of the President's special message and proclamation will be enforced, and the Federal and local laws of the Territory maintained.

Gen. Whitfield, delegate from Kansas, arrived at Washington on the 20th inst. He said if the Government would withdraw the troops, peace would the better be preserved. He contemplates introducing a resolution in the House with that view.

He reports that the Special Commissioner will return early next week, the $10,000 appropriated for the expenses being exhausted.

A company of 75 men, the first company of the Chicago Emigrant Aid Society, left that city on the 18th inst. for Kansas.

Mrs. Brown, the wife of the editor of the Herald of Freedom, has arrived at Chicago. She left Lawrence on the 12th, on which day a band of 200 Missourians were encamped three miles from Lawrence. She met Col. Sumner *en route* for Lawrence with a strong body of troops, including a company of artillery.

The Pro-Slavery Vigilance Committee of Leavenworth had renewed their notice to the Free-State men to quit the Territory.

Colonel Sumner had warned the Missourians to desist.

Some late advices represent that a lull has taken place in the Territory. Rumors of violence have almost ceased to be heard, and the parties of armed men have been disbanded, or are skulking in remote parts.

A letter in the Democrat however, dated at Lawrence the 13th, mentions a report that 6,000 armed Missourians were preparing to invade Kansas.

CURIOUS LEGAL DECISION.—There has lately occurred in Germany, before a Rhenish Court, a trial in which the judgment finally delivered on appeal would seem to conflict literally, if not essentially, with the old common law maxim that a landholder owns from the soil upwards even to heaven. The case and proceeding are thus reported: A man possessed some nut trees, of which the branches hung over the ground of a neighbor, who picked up the ripe nuts that fell from the tree, and also broke some branches. For this the latter was prosecuted for theft and trespass, but acquitted on the ground that he was entitled to profit by fruit growing over his own property. Appeal was made from this decision, and the judgment reversed by the superior tribunals, because the principles of civil law ordain that all fruit and branches belong to the stem, and the stem to him upon whose ground it is planted, and that the right of property of the latter does not cease with the extension over neighbors' ground, no matter how far this extension. The accused was consequently condemned on both counts.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 212—Adults 90 and children 122.

Life in Paris.

ENTRY OF CRIMEAN TROOPS—ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS—AN ADMIRED COSTUME—ALL THE WORLD SHOPPING—THE EMPEROR'S KITCHEN—MORE HIPPOPHAGIC BANQUETS.

PARIS, June 3, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The grand affair of the entry of the Crimean troops came off, as announced, on Saturday last. These troops had been quartered in various forts in the neighborhood of Paris, and were conveyed, on the morning of the entry, by railway, to the city, where they were ranged in semi-circular ranks in the Place de la Bastille, under the command of Gen. Magnan. no pains had been spared to render the spectacle as imposing as possible. The inhabitants of the houses on the line of march from the Placede la Bastille to the Place Vendome, where they were to defile before the Emperor and Empress, had been "invited" by the police authorities to decorate their dwellings; and accordingly every gay table-cover, carpet, shawl, and window-curtain that could be made available, for the purpose, was put in requisition, and draped, more or less artistically, about the window-guards and balconies. French, English, Turkish and Sardinian colors were hung out in profusion; and, to everybody's amusement, the Swedish flag was also seen, at one house, mingled with those of the Allies.

Several fine triumphal arches were erected on the Boulevards; the finest being the gigantic construction on the Boulevard Beaumarchais, spanning the entrance into the Place de la Bastille. It was surmounted by two eagles, with folded wings, holding a garland of laurel in their beaks, with the inscription, in gilded letters, "TO THE GLORY OF THE ARMY OF THE EAST." Across the top of this arch, was the word SEBASTOPOL, in golden letters, and on its sides, *Alma, Inkermann. Traktir, Malakoff, Mlistria, Eupatoria, Kinburn*, together with the names of the regiments that have won the most brilliant renown in the late campaigns; *infantry, chasseurs, Zouaves, voltigeurs, grenadiers, artillerie, genie*, shining gaily in the splendors of gold leaf and tinsel.

The fronts of the theatres were splendidly decorated; and the streets opening upon the line of march were as full of waving flags as the Boulevards.

The National Guard formed the hedge to the left, the Sappers and Miners to the right, from the Bastille to the Place Vendome; the pupils of the Military Schools of the Polytechnic and St. Cyr, prolonging the hedge into the Rue St. Antoine.

A magnificent canopy, of crimson velvet, richly embroidered with gold, had been erected in the balcony of the hotel of the Minister of Justice, for the reception of the Empress and her ladies, with the officers of her household. The entire surface of the vast Square, or rather Octagon, of the Place Vendome, as also of the beautiful Rue de la Paix, leading into it from the Boulevards, was covered with a thick layer of sand, offering a floor as clean and hard as that of a ball-room. The entire Square, with the exception of a passage left open round the western side of the Column for the march of the troops, was filled with battalions of the Imperial Guard; the masses of uniforms of the different regiments presented the appearance of densely-planted flower-beds.

The cold and gloom of the past fortnight had suddenly disappeared; and the weather was fine and mild. The population turned out with an interest hardly inferior to that excited on the occasion of the Queen's visit; every window, balcony, and roof was crowded with lookers-on, and the streets were packed to their utmost capacity.

By half past eleven everything was ready. The Emperor, wearing the uniform of a General of Division, left the Tuileries, and proceeded, at the head of a brilliant staff, to the Place de la Bastille, following the line of the Boulevards. He was splendidly mounted, as usual, and as usual, rode admirably. Indeed, "his Imperial Majesty" never shows to such advantage as when on horseback. He was accompanied by Prince Napoleon, Marshals Vaillant and Barraguay d'Hilliers, Generals Canrobert, Niel, d'Hautpoul, Uhrich, Renault, de Courrigis, Schramm, de Ladmirault, Grobon, Daumas, Repond, d'Oraison, Delarue, de Bourjolly, and others. The cortege was closed by the squadron of the cent-gardes, a squadron of Cuirassiers of the Guard, and a body of the Mounted Paris Guard. Loud acclamations greeted the Emperor on his arrival at the Place de la Bastille; where, after riding slowly along the ranks, he placed himself in the centre of the semi-circle formed by the troops, and addressed them as follows:

"Soldiers, I come to meet you, as formerly the Roman Senate went to the gates of Rome to meet its victorious legions. I come to tell you that you have deserved well of the country. My emotion is great; for my happiness at seeing you again is mingled with painful thoughts of those who are no more, and a profound regret that I have not been able to lead you myself to the combat.

"Soldiers of the Guard, as of the Line, you are welcome. You all represent that army of the East, whose courage and perseverance have added new lustre to our eagles, and conquered again for France the rank that is her due. The country, attentive to all that is being accomplished in the East, receives you with all the more pride that she measures your efforts by the obstinate resistance of the enemy.

"I have called you back, although the war is not yet terminated, because it is just that the regiments which have suffered the most should be replaced by others. Each will thus be able to win its share of glory; and the country, which maintains six hundred thousand soldiers, is interested in having in France an army numerous and skilled in war, ready for action wherever it may be needed.

"Maintain, then carefully, the habits of war; fortify yourselves in the experience you have acquired; hold yourself ready to respond, if necessary, to my appeal; but for to-day, forget the hardship of the soldier's life, thank God for having spared you, and march proudly among your brethren in arms and your fellow-citizens, whose acclamations await you?"

These words,, pronounced in the clear, far-reaching tones which took everybody so much by surprise on the occasion of the Closing of the Exhibition, were heard distinctly in every part of the square, and were responded to by fresh acclamations from the soldiers and the crowd. The Emperor and his staff then returned by the same route to the Place Vendome, and took up his stand under the balcony where the Empress was seated with her sister.

The Emperor's relatives, of whom he has gathered around him a numerous body, including Prince Jerome and the Princess Mathilda, his daughter, Prince and Princess Murat, Prince Joachim Murat, and Princess Camerata, were placed at the windows of the hotel, as were also the Ministers, the Presidents of the Great Bodies of the State and of the Legion of Honor; the principal officers of the Imperial Household, the Ambassadors of England, Turkey, and Sardinia, with lady Cowley and the Marchioness of Villamarina. The Turkish Ambassador has a legally-married wife, who presides at Diplomatic dinners, and visits at Court, and among the great people, as freely as a European lady; but she was not present on this occason.

About half an hour after the departure of the Emperor from the Plage de la Bastille, the march of the Crimeans across the Capital began; and a more splendid, or a sadder sight, it certainly was never my lot to witness.

The plan and architecture of Paris are marvellously adapted for any sort of "showing off." The long, broad line of the Boulevard, stretching its noble perspectives across the city—the magnificent streets that cross it, with their tasteful and imposing facades—offer the most admirable stage for the production of scenic effect to be found in any modern capital. Imagine this splendid locality, with all the accessories of flags and draperies, the animated crowds that filled every available foot of standing-room from the pavements to the roofs of the houses, the stirring music of the various bands, the colors of each regiment borne proudly aloft at its head, and the imposing masses of the troops themselves, equipped as for action;—imagine all this, and add to it the enthusiastic cries of the people, the clapping of hands, and the waving of handkerchiefs, with the powerful interest of all the associations connected with the scene—you will readily believe that the most stoical could not remain wholly unmoved as the long procession marched by.

First came the pupils of the Military Schools, who took up their station in a compact body on either hand of the Emperor and his staff, a fine intelligent-looking company, wearing the trim uniform of their respective establishments; next came Gen. Canrobert, preceding, at the Emperor's desire, the regiments of the line, including the 20th, 50th, and 97th; and after them, the regiments of the Imperial Guard, including a battalion of *Chasseurs a pied*, a regiment of zouaves, two regiments of *voltigeurs*, the artillery and genie, and a regiment of the gendarmerie.

So great was the abundance of wreaths and bouquets that had been showered on the troops, principally at the Place de la Bastille, that almost every pike was hung with them; the favorite regiments, especially being so covered with greenery that they looked, with the mixture of the red of their uniforms, like some Christmas spectacle with its garniture of scarlet holly-berries; or the advancing woods of Dunsinane that struck such mortal horror into the guilty soul of the Thane of Cawdor. Each regiment was preceded by its Colonel, its band, its *cantiniere*, and a company of disabled soldiers without arms; poor fellows convalescent from "glorious" wounds, whose appearance excited the warmest sympathies of the crowd.

General Blanchard, with his arm in a sling, carrying an immense bouquet; General Mellinet, with his head bandaged up; and others lacking an arm, a leg, or an eye, or disfigured with hideous scars, all called forth the most earnest expressions of sympathy from the spectators; as did also the sight of the colors of one of the regiments, hung with a garland of *immortelles*, in memory of its gallant young bearer, who fell while planting it on the tower of Malakoff, and the wounded soldiers, dragging themselves along with patient, unfaltering good-will, though many of them must have known full well that they were maimed and disabled for the rest of their days.

It is one thing to talk of the "glory" of an action, that has taken place some thousands of miles away, or even to submit to the manifold taxations and privations which are imposed upon civilians at home in the prosecution of a distant war, and another to see, brought home to one's own individual cognizance, the evidences of the murderous onslaught upon flesh and blood which makes up the gist of a battle. These considerations seemed to be brought home to the minds of the crowd on this occasion, as they probably never had before; and brilliant and spirit-stirring as was the scene, and keen as is still the appetite of this people for military "glory," expressions of regret and amazement might have been heard in every part of the assemblage, at the thought, that all the power, the science, training, and outlay of every species of treasure implied in the existence of an army, should be thus lavished on the work of destruction, and that now, in the latter half of this "enlightened nineteenth century," so skillful and ingenious in the spheres of science, of mechanics, and of commerce, the combined wisdom of rulers and of peoples, should as yet have invented no better mode of settling international difficulties, than by an appeal to the sharp decision of the sword. And this regret and amazement was freely expressed, even by those who were most deeply impressed by the magnificence of the spectacle, and by the conviction of superior might with which the sight of these great bodies of trained and disciplined troops, hardened to suffering and danger, and moving with the power and precision of one vast machine, never fails to impress the spectator. It was not possible to behold these masses of men, strong in individual force, but stronger still in their union and organization, without wishing that it might be possible so to unite and discipline the great army of the world's producers, that their power for good might be raised from the simple to the compound, as that of the soldier is raised for evil, by the potent influence of association and organization.

But notwithstanding many indications that the war-spirit is gradually waning, the predominant feeling was, very naturally and properly, a strong desire to do honor to the brave fellows who have endured so many perils, and fought so bravely, since they quitted the shores of their native land. The demonstrations from windows and balconies were remarkably energetic for this place, where people are little given to the noisy expression of feeling so common in England; and among the crowds below, some one would every now and then catch sight of a brother or friend in the ranks, and would shout to him frantically by name, when a series of grinnings and shakings of heads, worthy of a couple of China mandarins, would ensue between the parties, and be kept up without intermission until the soldier was out of sight. Or the friend on the pavement, if he happened to be near the edge, would dash through the crowd and the rigid line of sentinels, with an impetuous bound, and rush at the one in the ranks, flinging his arms around his neck, and kissing him on both cheeks, *a la Francaise*. After which satisfaction of their mutual feelings, the friend would fall into the rear of the regiment, and march on with the soldiers in a high state of delighted excitement, quite pleasant to behold.

Among the numerous interlopers that followed each regiment, were several very well-dressed people, and a good many *blouses*; many of the latter mere boys, agog for "glory." Several women, also, marched in the rear of their husbands and sweethearts.

The *Cantinieres* of the different regiments were loudly cheered as they passed in their neat uniform, with the little barrel under their arm, that had sustained the strength of so many a soldier on the field of battle. One of these, a fine, tall, modest looking young woman, excited universal admiration for her charming costume and magnificent gait. She wore pantaloons of dark blue cloth, precisely like those of the soldiers, but neater and better made, trimmed down the seam with a broad scarlet braid; her short full skirt of the same cloth, was bordered with the same broad red line, as also were the front, epaulette, basque, and cuff of her neat fitting jacket. A plain, white, turned-down shirt collar, and a round hat of black beaver, twined half way round with a broad tri color feather, the end of which drooped slightly over her neck, with strong, neat, high-heeled boots, completed her costume.

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As the troops passed out of the broad, sanded Rue de la Paix to the Place Vendome, and defiled before the Emperor and Empress, they uttered the most enthusiastic cries of the people, the clapping of hands, and the waving of handkerchiefs, with the powerful interest of all the associations connected with the scene—you will readily believe that the most stoical could not remain wholly unmoved as the long procession marched by.

First came the pupils of the Military Schools, who took up their station in a compact body on either hand of the Emperor and his staff, a fine intelligent-looking company, wearing the trim uniform of their respective establishments; next came Gen. Canrobert, preceding, at the Emperor's desire, the regiments of the line, including the 20th, 50th, and 97th; and after them, the regiments of the Imperial Guard, including a battalion of *Chasseurs a pied*, a regiment of zouaves, two regiments of *voltigeurs*, the artillery and genie, and a regiment of the gendarmerie.

So great was the abundance of wreaths and bouquets that had been showered on the troops, principally at the Place de la Bastille, that almost every pike was hung with them; the favorite regiments, especially being so covered with greenery that they looked, with the mixture of the red of their uniforms, like some Christmas spectacle with its garniture of scarlet holly-berries; or the advancing woods of Dunsinane that struck such mortal horror into the guilty soul of the Thane of Cawdor. Each regiment was preceded by its Colonel, its band, its *cantiniere*, and a company of disabled soldiers without arms; poor fellows convalescent from "glorious" wounds, whose appearance excited the warmest sympathies of the crowd.

General Blanchard, with his arm in a sling, carrying an immense bouquet; General Mellinet, with his head bandaged up; and others lacking an arm, a leg, or an eye, or disfigured with hideous scars, all called forth the most earnest expressions of sympathy from the spectators; as did also the sight of the colors of one of the regiments, hung with a garland of *immortelles*, in memory of its gallant young bearer, who fell while planting it on the tower of Malakoff, and the wounded soldiers, dragging themselves along with patient, unfaltering good-will, though many of them must have known full well that they were maimed and disabled for the rest of their days.

It is one thing to talk of the "glory" of an action, that has taken place some thousands of miles away, or even to submit to the manifold taxations and privations which are imposed upon civilians at home in the prosecution of a distant war, and another to see, brought home to one's own individual cognizance, the evidences of the murderous onslaught upon flesh and blood which makes up the gist of a battle. These considerations seemed to be brought home to the minds of the crowd on this occasion, as they probably never had before; and brilliant and spirit-stirring as was the scene, and keen as is still the appetite of this people for military "glory," expressions of regret and amazement might have been heard in every part of the assemblage, at the thought, that all the power, the science, training, and outlay of every species of treasure implied in the existence of an army, should be thus lavished on the work of destruction, and that now, in the latter half of this "enlightened nineteenth century," so skillful and ingenious in the spheres of science, of mechanics, and of commerce, the combined wisdom of rulers and of peoples, should as yet have invented no better mode of settling international difficulties, than by an appeal to the sharp decision of the sword. And this regret and amazement was freely expressed, even by those who were most deeply impressed by the magnificence of the spectacle, and by the conviction of superior might with which the sight of these great bodies of trained and disciplined troops, hardened to suffering and danger, and moving with the power and precision of one vast machine, never fails to impress the spectator. It was not possible to behold these masses of men, strong in individual force, but stronger still in their union and organization, without wishing that it might be possible so to unite and discipline the great army of the world's producers, that their power for good might be raised from the simple to the compound, as that of the soldier is raised for evil, by the potent influence of association and organization.

But notwithstanding many indications that the war-spirit is gradually waning, the predominant feeling was, very naturally and properly, a strong desire to do honor to the brave fellows who have endured so many perils, and fought so bravely, since they quitted the shores of their native land. The demonstrations from windows and balconies were remarkably energetic for this place, where people are little given to the noisy expression of feeling so common in England; and among the crowds below, some one would every now and then catch sight of a brother or friend in the ranks, and would shout to him frantically by name, when a series of grinnings and shakings of heads, worthy of a couple of China mandarins, would ensue between the parties, and be kept up without intermission until the soldier was out of sight. Or the friend on the pavement, if he happened to be near the edge, would dash through the crowd and the rigid line of sentinels, with an impetuous bound, and rush at the one in the ranks, flinging his arms around his neck, and kissing him on both cheeks, *a la Francaise*. After which satisfaction of their mutual feelings, the friend would fall into the rear of the regiment, and march on with the soldiers in a high state of delighted excitement, quite pleasant to behold.

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Of the public kitchens lately set on foot in several parts of Paris, by the Emperor and Empress, for the sale of food at reduced prices, to the poor, I shall have some description to give in a future letter. The Hippophagists, also, are busy; having just held grand banquets, at which horse-flesh figured in various preparations, at Toulouse, Amiens, and other cities, in imitation of the Hippic feast held here a short time ago, and mentioned on a former occasion.

QUANTUM.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

This body met at the Musical Fund Hall, in Philadelphia, on Tuesday, the 17th inst. There was a full attendance, and the Hall was densely crowded. A number of distinguished men were present. The Pennsylvania delegation occupied the time previous to the meeting being called to order, by caucusing for McLean. The Kansas delegates were greeted on their entrance with tremendous cheering.

The Convention was called to order by the Hon. E. D. Morgan, of New York, at twenty-five minutes of 12 o'clock, who then in a brief speech stated the object of the Convention, and spoke of the Republican movement as likely to bring back the government to its true purpose. He said that the formation of a new party was a singular event in our history, but it was brought about by irresistible causes. He concluded by moving that the Hon. Robert Emmett, of New York, be appointed temporary Chairman, which was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Emmett, on taking the Chair, addressed the Convention at length on the topics of the day. He stated that he had been a member of the Democratic party, and referred to the Hon. James Buchanan as his particular friend. He said that the Democratic party had framed a platform, at Cincinnati, to which the people could not accede. They had repealed the Missouri Compromise, and thus created an agitation that nothing but a change of administration could allay. The speaker proceeded at great length to discuss the various questions of the day, and to justify the formation of the Republican party.

Mr. George C. Fogg, of Indiana, and Thomas G. Mitchell, of Ohio, were appointed as Secretaries.

Rev. Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, then solemnized the deliberations with prayer.

Various minor motions were made, and carried. The chair then reported the following Committee of one from each State upon the permanent organization:—

D. Clark, New Hampshire; R. Ford, Maine; Hon. G. Welds, Connecticut; Hon. Thomas Davis, Rhode Island; Hon. E. Kerkell, Vermont; Preston King, New York; Hon. D. S. Gregory, New Jersey; E. G. Bradford, Delaware, F. R. Blair, Maryland; John C. Underwood, Virginia; Hon. D. Wilmot, Pennsylvania; Joshua R Giddings, Ohio; Hon. Isaac P. Chestney, Michigan; John ——, Wisconsin; John P. Dugree, Indiana; George S. Brown, Illinois; James B. Holland, Iowa; John A. Mills, California; James A. Wintchner, Kansas; Jacob Bigelow, D. C.; George D. Blakely, Kentucky; Hon. Alexander Ramsey, Minnesota.

Gen. Velie, of New York, moved that the representatives of the Radical Free Soil Democracy of New York be invited to take seats in the Convention, as honorary members. After some discussion, the motion prevailed.

In the afternoon, the Chairman of the Committee on Permanent Organization reported the following officers:—PRESIDENT—Col. Henry S. Lane, of Indiana. VICE PRESIDENTS—Maine—Anson P. Morrell; New Hampshire—Amos Tuck; Vermont—H. Carpenter; Massachusetts—C. F. Adams; Rhode Island—Jacob Babcock; Connecticut—C. F. Cleveland; New York—John A. King; New Jersey—J. C. Hornblower; Pennsylvania—Joseph Ritner; Delaware—Samel Burr Maryland—Francis F. Cochran; Virginia—George Rye; Ohio—Rufus P. Spaulding and N. H. Swain; Kentucky—George S. Blakey; Indiana—John Beard; Illinois—W. Barcher; Michigan—K. S. Bingham; Iowa—Francis Spranger; Wisconsin—Walter S. McInaloe; California—Francis B. Folger; Minnesota—Alexander Ramsay; Kansas—S. C. Pomeroy; District of Columbia—Jacob Bigelow, J. G. Blane, and a large number of Secretaries.

Col. Lane was then conducted to the Chair, with tremendous applause, and three cheers for the "Hoosier" State.

Col. Lane then addressed the Convention in a most earnest and eloquent manner, frequently interrupted with tremendous cheers. He referred to the occasion being the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, and the Convention meeting almost within sight of Independence Hall—as circumstances calculated to inspire the members with the utmost enthusiasm.

He declared the Republican to be the only National Party. He referred to the existing scenes in Kansas, characterized them as a re-enaction of the bloodiest events of the French Revolution, and charged their responsibility entirely on the present weak and wicked Administration. He reviewed Mr. Buchanan's career, and characterized his course during the war of 1812—when Clay and others were supporting the country—as disgraceful and unpatriotic. He repelled all charges of disunion as an element in the Republican movement. Whence do these charges come? From South Carolina—from unhung nullifiers—from the men that yet have Gen. Jackson's halter around their necks. The speaker continued with much eloquence and great effect, and when he resumed his seat, the members arose and cheered with the utmost fervor.

Speeches ensued from Judge Smith, Mr. Lovejoy of Illinois, and from the Hon. Henry Wilson, who was received with the wildest enthusiasm. His speech was continually hailed with the most tremendous cheering. Long continued and deafening acclamation broke forth at every mention of the names of Messrs. Seward and Sumner. The name of Mr. Preston S. Brooks was received with groans.

After the announcement of a Mass Meeting at National Hall, the Convention adjourned to the following day.

On the 18th the Convention again assembled. The proceedings were opened with prayer by the Rev. Anson Rood. The National Executive Committee was then formed as follows:—

Maine, Joseph Bartlett; New Hampshire, G. G. Fogg; Massachusetts, S. T. Goodrich; Vermont, L. Brainerd; Rhode Island, William M. Jenks; Connecticut, Gideon Willis; New York, E. D. Morgan; New Jersey, James J. Sherman; Pennsylvania, Thomas Williams; Delaware, E. D. Williams; Maryland, George Harris; Virginia, George Rye; Kentucky, Wm. F. Bayley; Ohio, Thomas Spooner; Illinois, N. B. Judd; Indiana, James Ritchie; Michigan, Zachary Chandler; Iowa, A. J. Stevens; Wisconsin, John H. Tweedle; California, C. Cole; Minnesota, M. S. Wilkinson; Nebraska, H. Shields; District of Columbia, L. Clapham.

The Hon. David Wilmot, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, submitted the following as the Platform of Principles for the adoption of the Convention:—

This Convention of Delegates, assembled in pursuance of a call addressed to the people of the United States, without regard to past political differences or divisions, who are opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; to the policy of the present Administration; to the extension of slavery into free territory; in favor of the admission of Kansas as a free State; of restoring the action of the federal government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson; and for the purpose of presenting candidates for the offices of President and Vice President, do

Resolve, That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declarntion of Independence, and embodied in the Federal Constitution, are essential to the preservation of our Republican Institutions, and that the Federal Constitution, the rights of the States, and the Union of the States must and shall be preserved.

Resolved, That with our Republican fathers, we hold it to be a self-evident truth, that all men are endowed with the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that the primary object and ulterior design of our Federal Government were to secure those rights to all persons within its exclusive jurisdiction.

That, As our Republican Fathers, when they had abolished slavery in all our National Territory, ordained that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, it becomes our duty to maintain this provision of the Constitution against all attempts to violate it for the purpose of establishing slavery in the United States by positive legislation prohibiting its existence or extension therein.

That we deny the authority of Congress, of a Territorial Legislature, of any individual or association of individuals, to give legal existence to slavery in any Territory of the United States, while the present Constitution shall be maintained.

Resolved, That the Constitution confers upon Congress sovereign power over the Territories of the United States, for their government, and that in the exercise of this power, it is both the right and the duty of Congress to prohibit in the Territories those twin relics of barbarism, polygamy and slavery.

Resolved, That while the Constitution of the United States was ordained and established by the people, "in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty," and contains ample provisions for the protection of the life, liberty, and property of every citizen, the dearest constitutional rights the people of Kansas have been fraudulently and violently taken from them;

Their territory has been invaded by an armed force;

Spurious and pretended legislative, judicial, and executive officers have been set over them, by whose usurped authority, sustained by the military power of the government, tyrannical and unconstitutional laws have been enacted and enforced;

The right of the people to keep and bear arms has been infringed; test oaths of an extraordinary and entangling nature have been imposed as a condition of exercising the right of suffrage and holding office;

The right of an accused person to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury, has been denied;

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, has been violated;

They have been deprived of life, liberty, and property, without due process of law;

That the freedom of speech and of the press has been abridged;

The right to choose their representatives has been made of no effect;

Murders, robberies, and arsons have been instigated and encouraged, and the offenders have been allowed to go unpunished;

That all these things have been done with the knowledge, sanction, and procurement of the present Administration, and that for this high crime against the Constitution, the Union, and humanity, we arraign that Administration, the President, his advisers, agents, supporters, apologists, and accessories, either *before* or *after* the fact, before the country, and before the world; and that it is our fixed purpose to bring the actual perpetrators of these atrocious outrages, and their accomplices, to a sure and condign punishment hereafter.

Resolved, That Kansas should be immediately admitted as a State of the Union, with her present free Constitution, as at once the most effectual way of securing to her citizens the enjoyment of the rights and privileges to which they are entitled, and of ending the civil strife now raging in her territory.

Resolved, That the highwayman's plea, that might makes right, embodied in the Ostend circular, was in every respect unworthy of American diplomacy, and would bring shame and dishonor upon any Government or people that gave it their sanction.

Resolved, That a Railroad to the Pacific ocean, by the most central practicable route, is imperatively demanded by the interests of the whole country, and that the federal government ought to render immediate and efficient aid in its construction, and, as an auxiliary thereto, to the immediate construction of an emigrant road on the line of the railroad.

Resolved, That appropriations by Congress for the improvement of rivers and harbors of a national character, required for the accommodation and security of an existing commerce, are authorized by the Constitution, and justified by the obligation of government, to protect the lives and property of all its citizens.

Resolved, That we invite the affiliation and cooperation of men of all parties, however differing from us in other respects, in support of the principles herein declared, and believing that the spirit of our institutions, as well as the constitution of our country, guarantees liberty of conscience and equality of rights among citizens we oppose all legislation impairing their security.

The resolutions were received with immense applause, particularly those portions referring to the encroachments of the slave power in Kansas, to polygamy in Utah, to checking the march of the slaveocracy by constitutional measures, and the "might makes right" doctrine of the Ostend Conference. The Pacific Railroad plank elicited overwhelming applause and three cheers for California.

The platform having been amended by striking out from the last resolution the word "proscriptive," and substituting the term "impairing" for "affecting"—with which amendments we have printed it, was then unanimously carried.

Mr. Seely, of New York, then moved that the Convention proceed to an informal ballot.

An excited debate followed on the motion. The motion was opposed by Gen. Webb, of New York, as precipitate, and by Gov. Kent, of Maine, who counselled delay. Speeches ensued from Mr. Purviance, of Mass., Dr. Elder, of Penn., Charles Francis Adams, Judge Spalding, and others, and were received with great enthusiasm.

Mr. Patterson withdrew Mr. Seward's name, at the request of the New York delegation.

The question was then put on the motion to proceed to ballot, and carried by an immense vote.

Judge Spaulding then rose and read a letter from Judge McLean, desiring that his name might be withdrawn from the canvass without a struggle in the Convention, providing that a vote could be better concentrated on any other candidate. Judge Spaulding, in pursuance of the authority invested thus in his friends, begged to withdraw his name.

Some confusion followed, with cries of "no, no," after which Mr. Mitchell, of Ohio, read a letter from Mr. Chase, withdrawing his name, and signifying the intention of his friends to support Col. Fremont, which called forth loud cheers.

In the afternoon, E. D. Morgan, Esq., Chairman of the National Republican Executive Committee, presented a communication from the Committee appointed by the North American Convention, in session at New York, stating that, in pursuance of a resolution of that Convention, they had been appointed to confer with the Republican Convention on the subject of nominations, with a view to some concerted action on the part of both Conventions.

Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, said he was pained to be compelled to oppose the motion. This Convention had invited all to come in who was opposed to the Administration. If a Committee was appointed to confer with the Americans, he should wish that a Committee should also be appointed to communicate with the foreigners. He could not believe that the communication was authorized. His motion to lay on the table was carried by an immense majority.

Judge Spaulding, of Ohio, withdrew his former withdrawal of Judge McLean's name, amid much confusion and applause.

The President appointed as Tellers, Messrs. Morgan of New York, and Orth of Indiana. The first ballot resulted as follows:

For Fremont—Maine, 13; New Hampshire, 15; Vermont, 15; Massachusetts, 39; Rhode Island, 12; Connecticut, 18; New York, 93; New Jersey, 7; Pennsylvania, 10; Maryland, 4; Ohio, 30; Indiana, 18; Illinois, 14; Michigan, 18; Wisconsin, 15; Iowa, 12; Kansas, 9; California, 12; Kentucky, 5. Total, 359.

For McLean—Maine, 11; New York, 3; New Jersey, 14; Pennsylvania, 71; Delaware, 9; Maryland, 3; Ohio 39; Indiana, 21; Illinois, 19; Minnesota, 3; Nebraska, 3. Total, 196.

For Sumner—New York 2.

For Seward—New York, 1.

The announcement of the result was received with deafening cheers.

Virginia had declined casting any vote when called upon. Michigan, before casting her vote, said the first choice of the delegation had been Mr. Seward, but finding that the sense of the Convention was unmistakably in favor of Fremont, she had decided to cast her vote for the favorite. Wisconsin intimated a similar predilection for Mr. Seward, but that her second choice was Mr. Chase, and her third, Mr. Sumner. Her vote was cast for Fremont. The District of Columbia, when called upon, declined voting.

A motion was then made to declare the vote unanimous, and various delegates who had cast their votes for other candidates urged the adoption of the motion.

Mr. Giddings' motion to lay on the table the communication from the North American Convention was reconsidered on his own motion, and the communication referred to the Committee on resolutions amidst great applause.

Loud calls were then made for the formal ballot, for President, which, on being taken, resulted in the entire vote being cast for Fremont, with the exception of 23 from Pennsylvania and 14 from Ohio for McLean, and one from Pennsylvania for Dr. Elder.

Virginia again refused to vote because not allowed to cast 45 votes in consequence of her delegation not being full.

The nomination was then made unanimous amidst a scene of the wildest enthusiasm. At the instant that the result was announced, a large American flag, bearing the name of Fremont, was raised from the platform, and a streamer, inscribed "John C. Fremont for President," was drawn across the platform, in front of the Speaker's desk, reaching from one end to the other. Banners were also displayed from the windows, to notify the immense concourse of the people outside, of the result, who greeted the nomination with bursts of cheers.

An adjourned meeting of the Pennsylvania State Convention was held the same evening at which resolutions were offered giving the hearty assent of the Convention to the nomination of the National Convention, pledging a united support of the same, and also giving a hearty approval of the platform—which were unanimously adopted.

The Convention met again on the 19th inst. The proceedings opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Levy.

A resolution was adopted authorizing the Chairman of the National Committee to call a Convention in the city of New York in September next.

E. W. Welply of New Jersey, on behalf of that State, moved that an informal ballot be taken for Vice President, and nominated Wm. L. Dayton of New Jersey, and read an abstract of a speech delivered at the opening of a State Convention over which he presided defining his position on the Kansas-Nebraska act, and the Fugitive Slave Law.

Adam Fisher of Pennsylvania, nominated David Wilmot, as the strongest man in the Keystone State.

A delegate from Illinois nominated Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. He would only say he was a good fellow, a firm friend of freedom, and an old line Whig.

Wm. Jay of New Jersey, said he had always been an old line Democrat, and now seconded the nomination of an old line Whig, Wm. L. Dayton. He had always voted the Democratic ticket, but thanked God that at the time that Pierce was elected had not a vote, having then lately moved from Pennsylvania. With Dayton, New Jersey would go on boldly to victory. He entertained the deepest respect for Judge Wilmot, but did not think it discreet to nominate a second Democrat on the ticket.

A delegate from Massachusetts read a telegraphic despatch from that State, saying, "You have given us a good nomination, give us a good Vice President, and then clear the track," which elicited loud applause, and then three tremendous cheers for Massachusetts.

The Chair appointed Col. Archer of Illinois, and Gen. Webb of New York, tellers, and the Convention then proceeded to an informal ballot for Vice President, with the following result:

	Wilmot	Lincoln	Dayton	Ford	Sumner	C. M. Clay	J. Cochrane	Giddings	W. P. Johnston	Banks	Pre-ident	Wilson	King	Curry	Pinkney
Maine,	—	1	20	1	1	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
New Hampshire,	—	8	7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Vermont,	—	—	—	—	—	10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Massachusetts,	2	7	23	—	—	5	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Rhode Island,	—	2	9	—	1	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—
Connecticut,	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	17	—	—	—	—	—
New York,	1	3	15	6	50	1	—	—	—	24	1	1	9	—	—
New Jersey,	—	—	21	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Pennsylvania,	21	11	23	—	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	4	—	3	—
Delaware,	—	—	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Maryland,	—	—	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Virginia,	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Kentucky,	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ohio,	1	2	25	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Indiana,	—	20	18	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Illinois,	—	33	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Michigan,	—	5	13	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Iowa,	—	—	2	1	—	—	—	—	—	4	—	—	—	—	—
Wisconsin,	—	—	15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
California,	—	12	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Kansas,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Minnesota,	—	—	5

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

"Our Second Landing in Ayan."

We were so much pleased with "Old Frybark's" Turkish pipes and tobacco, as well as with his "twenty drops" and off hand hospitality of the previous evening, that when he came on board the next morning and told us that "he expected all hands to dine with him that day," there was not a face that didn't sparkle, or a tongue that tried to excuse its owner. Probably the fact of said tongues having tasted nothing but salt provisions or insipid preserved meats (a few fish and turnips excepted) for several months, combined with our host's promise that his table should groan under the delicacies of the Ayan season probably, I say, this combination may have had something to do with our sparkling faces and consenting voices. But let facts speak for themselves.

As the appointed hour for dinner approached we called away two boats, and leaving the "old John" in charge of the best bower, a good scope of chain, the officer of the deck, and engineer of the day, the remainder of us bundled into them and started for the quiet landing on the shaly beach that bounds the smooth waters of the inner harbor of Ayan. We were received this time by the yelping of hundreds of sleigh dogs, who, being absolutely necessary during the winters for travelling purposes, are well taken care of when the summers arrive, in anticipation of future need of their services. We looked in the direction whence these howls and yelps proceeded, and saw a large log house, around which hundreds of these dogs were lazily basking in the sun, and thought it would be a good idea to pay them a visit on our way up. We therefore crossed the dry and rocky bed of a periodical watercourse, and approached their commodious kennel. These water courses are worth a passing notice.

The immense quantity of snow and ice which covers that whole country at the end of their long and severe winters, melting sometimes with destructive rapidity during the first spell of warm weather, rushes down to the sea in swollen streams that uproot trees, dislodge huge rocks, and most effectually put a stop to all travelling until the green patches once more appear upon the hill-sides, and the turbid streams gradually decreasing in dimensions, finally disappear entirely, leaving their uneven beds spotted here and there with silent pools, as the only indication of their short lived existence.

It was over one of these uneven and spotted beds that we now picked our way, and as we climbed the opposite bank and came suddenly upon the various groups of dogs, they raised their shaggy heads and howled most hideously. And that was the extent of the notice that they deigned us. There was no wagging of tails, no bristling of the back, not even any skulking behind corners; nothing but the protracted howl, and a stupid indifference to our proximity; and as they turned their vacant eyes upon us, we were convinced of the truth of the character ascribed to their peculiar family, *i. e.*, that they are utterly worthless in every point of view, except as regards their docility and powers of endurance before a sleigh. Their kennel, as I have already observed, was a large log house, and in it they were locked up at night, while around it they were fed and watched during the day. They and their regular keepers, whose only duty consisted in attending to their wants, and keeping them from wandering away. They gave us a parting howl as we left their unsavory locality, and again crossed the dry bed of the vernal torrent on our way to "Old Frybark's" two story domicil.

Arriving in good time at the door of that hospitable mansion, we were actually received with *open arms*. The old fellow looked as if he longed to embrace us all, but contented himself with shaking hands *cordially*, calling loudly for the Doctor, and hurrying us up to his outer chamber where several bottles of various sizes, shapes, and colors gleamed before our affrighted eyes.

Well now! Come on! A little too late for a Russian dinner, but "better late than never." We will now take "twenty drops," then go over to the Governor's house and eat our caviare,* after which we will drink some champagne and have dinner. My house is so small that I have set the Governor's table, and after dinner we will have the horses at the door and take a ride into the country. It will shake down our dinner and get up a good appetite for supper.

Supper! exclaimed one of the party; you don't expect to keep us to supper, too? he asked with a look of dismay, for he had lunched heartily upon a tempting beef-steak before leaving the ship, and shrank aghast before the rapid enumeration of what was yet before him.

Keep you to supper? Yes! and to a champagne dance after supper, too. We shall be in want of music and ladies, but then we can whistle for ourselves, and imagine that some of us are the Governor's beautiful daughters. Allons! let us go and take our caviare.

We went, and *such* a lunch as it was! equal to an ordinary meal, even for us, who had been for so many months on salt rations. And then the dinner! Nothing to be seen on the long, narrow table, save wines and vases of flowers, plates, knives and forks, and piles of glasses. But then, just cast your eye into the kitchen, and see there the dozens of huge dishes loaded with—as "Old Frybark" had promised—the delicacies of the Ayan season, and awaiting their turn to be introduced to the already half-seated guests. Salt and fresh water fish done up in every imaginable style; beef, looking more unlike beef, in its numberless modes of preparation, than I had ever before seen it; vegetables here and there, and pastries without end. I never again wish to attend a dinner at Ayan, with "Old Frybark" as the host; at any rate, not until some cure for apoplexy is discovered, or the Russians lose some of their relish for fraternizing with Americans. I was so unfortunate as to find myself alongside of a miserably hospitable Priest of the Greek Church, who, finding himself unable to entertain me in a conversational point of view, divided his attentions between keeping my plate and glasses *full* and his own *empty*. In spite of his large appetite, he was a fine-looking, middle-aged man, of rather below the ordinary stature, dressed in a flowing robe of black silk, and wearing his dark and curling hair divided down the middle, and hanging over his shoulders in flowing ringlets. His dark and silky beard reached almost to his waist, and his hands were as delicate as those of a lady. He had a smile of great sweetness, and was treated by the Russians with good-natured respect and consideration. He was a married man, and had returned from the interior with his family only the night before. On the whole, we had a very pleasant time alongside of each other, seeing as how neither of us spoke a word of each other's or any common language.

At last, this *abundant dinner* was ended, and singular as the assertion *may seem*, we did *ride into the country* immediately after it. "Old Frybark" was in the best imaginable *spirits*, we were all lively from the effects of good champagne, and one of the Nomadic Americans, spoken of in my last letter, even beyond that point. It was amusing to see our host mount his tough-looking little horse. I think the must have weighed at least two hundred and seventy *before dinner*, and how much more as he got on horseback, I should be afraid to say. Taking wines at eight pounds to the gallon, and viands at something less, I should say that the horse must have capered under at least *three hundred* as he touched him with his spur, and pointed him at the steep breast of one of the towering hills by which the city is enclosed.

Our ride was both an exciting and pleasant one. Exciting to the confused ideas of the Nomadic American who "couldn't for the life of him tell what was the matter with his horse," until he had been thrown twice, when he arrived at the tardy conclusion that "that champagne must have been very strong," and pleasant to us who had been aware of and guarded against said strength. Our road took us over mountains, along patches of hard sea-beach, up valleys, across streams, and finally brought us vis-a-vis with his excellency, the Governor of Ayan, and suite, who were coming in on a hand-gallop from their country retreat to do us the honor of visiting the "Old John," and assisting Mr. Freighburg in the duties of hospitality. His excellency received us with great warmth of manner, and told us through our now excited friend, "Old Frybark," that he had been expecting us for some time, and that if we had only arrived before the Allies, he might have received us in a manner more in keeping with his feelings, but that as things now stood, we must excuse any apparent neglect on their part, and take the expressed will for the impossible deed.

We replied with equal suavity of manner, that we had already been almost feasted to death by his accomplished—here Old Frybark blushed scarlet, and looked in other respects quite overpowered—representative, and that if he didn't mercifully interpose his authority, there was no telling what grave consequences might ensue. At this point we all laughed, as a matter of course, and giving the reins to our restless horses, galloped back to Ayan; the governor and captain leading off, "Old Frybark" and our doctor next then the Russian doctor and our master, and finally the "crowd in general" bringing up the confused rear, while the Nomadic American darted about in all directions upon his irritated horse with the evident desire of attracting the admiration of his excellency to his superior (?) horsemanship.

And thus we re-entered Ayan, where a fresh edition of Turkish pipes and tobacco, of "twenty drops" and of pressing invitations to partake bountifully, occupied the time that must yet elapse before the promised supper.

Fortunately, we were spared the promised supper for the present, but with the express understanding that it was to come off on the following night. "Distance lent enchantment to its view," as we settled back into the old armchairs, and talked about the war, the late Vandalisms of the English officers, the manners and customs of the several tribes of eastern Siberia, the price of furs, and of statistics in general. The governor spoke quietly but feelingly of the great losses and hardships which he had entailed on the population by taking them away from their homes to a comparative wilderness, and gave us several interesting anecdotes of Siberian country life. There was nothing in this prolonged conversation which surprised us more than a remark of Mr. Freighburg's in regard to the high prices which the company realized for many of their furs. He told us among other things that their hunters were sometimes so fortunate as to take a species of beaver—never more than two or three during a whole season, however—whose skin sold in St. Petersburg for the enormous sum of one thousand rubles, (nearly *eight hundred dollars*, if I remember rightly,) and that the silver fox often brought as high as *three* hundred dollars.

We expressed our surprise that a *Beaver's* skin should sell for so large a sum, remarking that in the north-western sections of the United States they are quite plentiful, and the fur comparatively cheap.

"Ah! but my dear sir," he replied, "you have not this beaver of which I speak in your country. We have the inferior kind of beaver here too, but it is a very different animal from the one I speak of. The skin of this one is just large enough to make a fine high collar for a winter cloak, and the Russian nobleman who want such collars, must pay their one thousand rubles or *go without*."

We had every reason to believe "Old Frybark" to be a man of strict veracity, and his assertion was moreover sustained by the others present who spoke of it as a matter of course; still I hesitate to publish such an unheard of price for a beaver's skin, and must refer all skeptics on the subject to Old Frybark himself. I myself believe that the price was as he stated. As I approach the end of this letter and look back to Ayan and the varied past, a great many other singular pieces of information which we there received, cross my mind and tell me that I must write farther.

There never was a more true saying than that which asserts that "one half of the world knows not how the other half lives," and in my next letter I hope to publish some interesting matter in regard to what they do, and how they live on the eastern coast of "Siberia the frozen."

New Perils of Baptism.—On a recent Sunday, at a country church in Worcestershire, there were three christenings, two boys and a girl. The parents of one boy were in a very respectable class of life; the parents of the other two children were in humble circumstances. The parties at the font had been duly placed by the officiating clergymen, and, as it happened, the girl and sponsors were placed last in order. When the first child, who was the boy of the poor parents, was about to be baptized, the woman who carried the little girl elbowed her way up to the clergyman, in order that the child she carried might be the first to be baptised. To do this, she had (very contrary to the usual custom of the poor, who, in essential points, are generally as refined as their superiors,) to rudely push past "her betters," *i. e.*, the sponsors of the second boy. As she did so, she said to one of the sponsors—by way of apology—"It's a girl; so it *must* be christened first," and christened first it was. But the singular manner in which this was brought about showed that the woman was influenced by some peculiar feeling, and on the next day an opportunity was taken to discover her motive. This was her explanation: "You see, sir, the person hain't a married man, and consequently is disfamiliar with children, or he'd never put the little girl to be christened *after* the boys. And though it sadly flustered me, sir, to put myself afore my betters, in the way in which I was forced to do, yet, sir, it was a doing of a kindness to them two little boys, in me a setting of my little girl afore 'em." "Why?" "Well, sir, I *har* astonished as *you* don't know. Why, sir, if them little boys had been christen'd afore the little *girl, they'd* have had *her* soft chin, and *she'd* have had *their* hairy beards—the poor little innocent! But, thank goodness, I've kep her from that misfortin!" And the woman really believed that she had done so; and the generality of her neighbors shared her belief.—*Notes and Queries.*

The King and the Dentist.—Went to H———, the dentist, to have my teeth cleaned. Told me of his nephew, who is practising as a dentist in India, being employed to make a set of teeth for the King of Delhi. The difficulty at starting was, that the dentist required to be allowed to take a model of the king's mouth; and the idea of a Christian putting his hand in the royal mouth was an abomination not to be heard of. It was at last, however, agreed, that by washing his hands, *before* the operation commenced, in the water of the Ganges, the dentist might qualify himself for the contact. The teeth succeeded wonderfully: and one of the courtiers, who, from jealousy of the Englishman, had declared they would be good for nothing, was desired by the king to put his finger in and try, and, on the courtier doing so, his majesty nearly bit the finger in two. The affair turned out, however, unluckily; as the king, whose appetite was enormous, being enabled by these new grinders to gratify it *ad libitum*, brought on by a plethora, which nearly killed him, and the teeth were thrown into the Ganges.—*Memoirs of Thomas Moore.*

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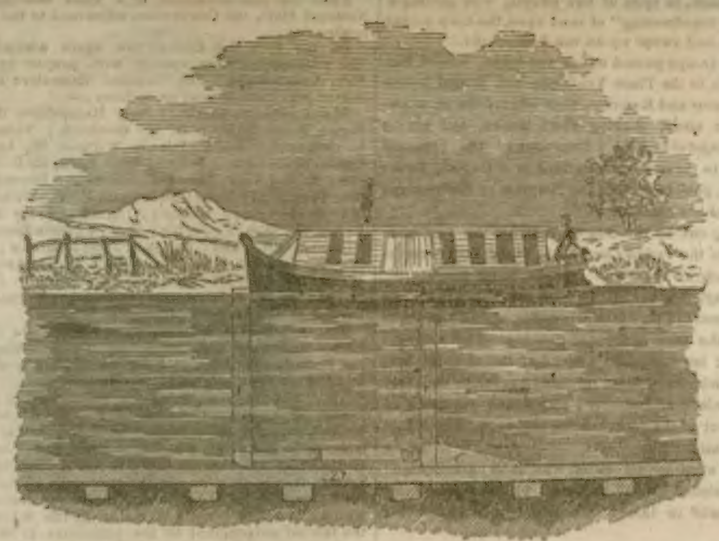
* Caviare is a relish made from the roe of any good fish. It is generally of a black color and most remarkably palatable. The Russians spread it on their bread like butter, and prize it very highly. It is alluded to in Hamlet in a note to the phrase "a caviare to the General." I have never, however, seen it save on a Russian's table.



NEW TIDAL FLOOD GATE.

In many parts of the country, especially on the sea-board, advantage is taken of the rise and fall of tides to obtain an economical motive power for grinding grain, and other purposes. Creeks are generally selected, across which dams are thrown, having self-acting flood gates so arranged, that when the tide rises the water enters behind the dam; but when the tide falls the gates close, and a pond or reservoir of water is obtained to drive the wheel.

The tidal gates commonly used are, for the most part, hinged at the top or on the sides. Hinged at the top they are objectionable because they require a log or beam to be thrown across the sluice, and thus all navigation of the creek is cut off. Drift stuff and ice also collect against the gate, and create much trouble.

Gates hinged at the side are objectionable, because, after a short time, they sag, and bear on the bottom of the flume, and become inoperative. The ice, also, collects near their upper hinges, and occasionally damages them.

The improvement illustrated in our cut consists in hinging the gate at the bottom, so that when the tide rises the gate falls flat on its face, and leaves the creek open and clear for navigation.

A is the gate, hinged at B to the block C on the bottom of the flume, D. The water running in direction of the arrow keeps the gate down. When the current changes, the gate will rise by its own buoyancy into the perpendicular position indicated by A', and the dotted lines. E is a cleat, to support the gate when hinged upright and pressed by the tide. F is a button for holding down the gate when desired.

This gate is said to cost only about one half as much as the ordinary kind, is not liable to leak, is less obstructed by ice, leaves navigation free, &c.

It may be used to great advantage as a back or guard gate, being, in such case, operated by windlass and chain. It may also be employed, in the same manner, for the upper gate of canal locks. In all cases it may be operated quickly and easily.

This invention was patented April 8th, 1856, by Mr. George W. Flanders, Lynn, Mass., from whom further information can be obtained.

TO A SPIDER.

Spider! thou need'st not run in fear about,
To shun my curious eyes;
I won't humanely crush thy bowels out,
Lest thou shouldst eat the flies;
Nor will I roast thee with a fierce delight,
Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see;
For there is one who might
One day roast me.

Thou'rt welcome to a rhymer sore perplex'd,
The subject of his verse;
There's many a one who on a better text
Perhaps might comment worse;
Then shrink not, old Freemason, from my view,
But quietly, like me, spin out the line;
Do thou thy work pursue,
As I will mine.

Weaver of snares, thou emblemest the ways
Of Satan, sire of lies;
Hell's huge black spider, for mankind he lays
His toils as thou for flies.
When Betty's busy eye runs round the room,
Woe to that nice geometry it sees!
But where is he whose broom
The earth shall clean?

Spider! of old thy flimsy webs were thought,
And 'twas a likeness true,
To emblem laws in which the weak are caught,
But which the strong break through;
And if a victim in thy toils is ta'en,
Like some poor client in the wretched fly;
I'll warrant thee thou'll drain
His life-blood dry.

And is not thy weak work like human schemes
And care on earth employ'd?
Such are young hopes and Love's delightful dreams,
So easily destroy'd!
So does the statesman, while the avengers sleep,
Self-doom'd secure, his wiles in secret lay;
Soon shall destruction sweep
His work away.

Thou busy laborer! one resemblance more
May yet the verse prolong,
For, spider, thou art like the poet poor,
Whom thou hast help'd in song:
Both busily our needful food to win;
We work, as Nature taught, with ceaseless pains—
Thy bowels thou doth spin,
I spin my brains.

—*Southey.*

The Philosophy of Cold Feet.—Cold feet are the avenues to death of multitudes every year; it is a sign of imperfect circulation. No one can be well, whose feet are habitually cold. When the blood is equally distributed to every part of the body, there is general good health. If there be less blood at any point than is natural, there is coldness; and not only so, there must be more than is natural at some other part of the system, and there is fever, that is, unnatural heat or oppression. In the case of cold feet, the amount of blood wanting there, collects at some part of the body which happens to be weakest, to be the least able to throw up a barricade against the inrushing enemy. Hence, when the lungs are weakest, the extra blood gathers there in the shape of a common cold or spitting blood. Clergymen, other public speakers, and singers, by improper exposure, often render the throat the weakest part; to such, cold feet give hoarseness or a raw burning feeling, most felt at the little hollow at the bottom of the neck. To others, again, whose bowels are weak through over-eating, or drinking spirituous liquors, cold feet gives various degrees of derangement, from looseness up to diarrhœas or dysentery; and so we might go through the whole body, but for the present this is sufficient for illustration.

If you are well, let yourself alone. But to those whose feet are inclined to be cold, we suggest:—

As soon as you get up in the morning, put both feet at once in a basin of cold water, so as to come half way to the ankles; keep them in a half a minute in winter, a minute or two in the summer, rubbing them vigorously, wipe dry, and hold to the fire, if convenient, in cold weather, until every part of the foot feels as dry as your hand, then put on your shoes or stockings.

On going to bed at night, draw off your stockings and hold the feet to the fire for ten or fifteen minutes until dry, and get into bed. This is a most pleasant operation, and fully repays for the trouble of it. No one can sleep well or refreshingly with cold feet. All Indians and hunters sleep with their feet to the fire.

Never step from your bed with the naked foot on an uncarpeted floor. I have known it to be the exciting cause of months of illness.

Wear woollen, cotton, or silk stockings, whichever keeps your feet most comfortable; do not let the experience of another be your guide, for different persons require different articles; what is good for a person whose feet are naturally damp, cannot be good for one whose feet are always dry. The donkey who had his bag of salt lightened by swimming a river, advised his companion who was loaded down with a sack of wool, to do the same, and having no more sense than a man or woman, he plunged in, and in a moment, the wool absorbed the water, increased the burden many fold, and bore him to the bottom.

☞ Rather Ambiguous.—An Indiana paper announcing the death of a gentleman out West, says that "the deceased, *though a bank director*, is generally believed to have died a Christian, and was much respected while living."

CONVERSATION IN THE DARK.

If we take it first and lastall through life, it's really amazing what a raft of people we've heard and never seen. Especially in hotels.

It has been Mace Sloper's luck to be very frequently quartered in rooms with nothing but a door betwixt his room and his neighbor's; and whenever this happened he has been pretty generally about as certain to hear, willing or unwilling, considerable that wasn't spoken to him. Particularly when girls were in the next room! Not giving myself credit for any especial cuteness, I can't brag of ever having got up any wise theory on the subject; but it does seem to me that the queerest, wildest, and most amazing speeches I ever heard in all my life from mortal lips, always came from people I couldn't see. Moreover—and everybody'll agree with me if he'll rake out his own experience a little—I maintain that no two people can talk in the dark to one another as they do in the light. Report such a talk, and read it to them, and they'll as soon believe that they've been talking Injun. That's *so!*"

Which reminds Mace Sloper of a talk he once heard in a New Jersey hotel. I had quietly smoked myself into a regular nap such as the good alone enjoy, when I was awoke by hearing some body enter the next room. Apparently he woke some body else up too, who was sleeping there in advance of him.

"Hullo thar!" says the man a-bed.

"Hul-lo and behold!" answered the one entering.

"Wait for your welcome afore you come in," said No. 1.

"In-comes are always welcome," answered No. 2. "The mixologist of tipulars directoried me to apartment XC., which, being exceedingly weary, I did uncandelized. Yet, if you desire illuminosity—"

"Stranger!" cried No. 1; "hold thar! don't light a match, for the love of God! I know adzackly what you look like without going further. You're five feet 'leven inches high, got gray eyes and a coon-colored vest, short-cropped hair and a loose overcoat, nose like a razor handle, and scar over your left eye. That's the stripe!"

"How do you cognovit that?" was the amazed reply.

"Cog——*thunder!*" was the response. "How do I know how you look? Why, who ever heard of a man's coming to bed in the dark, and calling a barkeeper a mixologist of tipicular fixins, unless he *had* gray eyes, razor-handled nose, short hair, an' a coon-colored vest! Don't light a match, stranger, on my account. Drummon' lights would be darkness on your face arter such a blaze of language as that. 'Illuminosity' and 'cognovit!' That shows you've got a carpet-bag in your hand, and a whiskey-bottle in it. *Sho!*"

There was a sound like the pop of a cork, and a clear case of drinking to better acquaintance going on, as I fell to sleep. We hear queer things in the dark. That Western man rather knocks me whenever I think of him.

I remember another queer dialogue which came within my experience at a hotel in Boston. I was going to bed, rather late, when all at once I heard one of the sweetest voices in the world, with a sort of English ring in it, say in the next room:—

"Clara, dear!"

"Well, dear?" answered another just as sweet, and just in the same English chime.

"Is it the lobster you want?"

"Yes, love," answered Clara. "And I want the ham, too; and you may open the oysters—and the sardine box."

"Well," thought I, "Mace Sloper, if those angels an't going in for a pretty substantial supper, I'm mistaken." But I had more before me to astonish me.

"While you 're about it, Clara, dear, you may as well open the Yarmouth bloater. I'm going to take all there is in it. And the cheese, the cheese; oh, *don't* forget the cheese!"

All at once Clara who, as nigh as I could judge from the sound, was poking about very industriously, cried out with joy:

"Oh! I've found the Strasburg-pie! the dear little putty de foi graw. Oh! I must go to the very bottom of the Strasburg-pie!"

"That'll *do!*" thought I, as I rolled back. "I've heard of English appetites, but don't want to hear any more. I've heard Hiram say that Byron didn't like to see a woman eat; and I don't blame him, if they all eat like this. Whew-w!"

There was a rattling sort of a going on for a while, until, by-and-bye, Clara cried:

"And here's my diamond ring in the cheese! Oh, how odd! Why, I expected to find it in the pie as much as could be."

A dim suspicion began to come into my head, that the evening meal of the young ladies wasn't limited to eatables, and that one of the effects of their refreshment was to make things lie around loose in a very promiscuous manner. But what was my utter amazement, when the soft, silvery voice of Clara again cried:

"Oh, dear! I'm *so* hungry! Lucy, love, we've got nothing here of any consequence; let's ring, and make them send us up *something to eat!*"

"*You'll do!*" thought I. "I wonder if you're rich? There'll be a famine in Boston if you stay long; *that's so!*"

Ham, lobsters, herrings, pies!

"I declare! there's my white satin dress in the lobster!"

Here I fell asleep, and the next day found me bright and early at the Fitchburg depot, and rattling off to the ancient shades of Chippety Whonk, where the bones of the Revolutionary Slopers lie buried. And it came to pass that after a while I forgot all about Clara and Lucy, especially as it was a story I didn't dare to tell.

About a year after I was at the celebrated ——— Temperance Hotel, situated in a well-known city on the North River. While staying there, I got acquainted with two as nice English girls as I ever knew, travelling with their "Pa," a plump old fellow, who had been in the fancy victualling business in London. The girls were the names of Clara and Lucy, but somehow I never thought of the other couple in Boston. Leastways, *this* pair didn't eat much to speak of, and nobody who ever saw their dear, clear, cream and rose-leaf faces, and beautiful eyes, which sparkled spry with common sense, or else swam about in wonder at the scenery as we went down the river, would have accused them of eating too much, let alone drinking.

I offered, being, as I was, a single man, to attend to their luggage. They went forward with me to point it out. As we got near the city there was considerable of a jam and flurry, and the girls were in rather a flurry too, not being used to travel.

"Well, Miss Lucy," says I, "only point out your traps and I'll send 'em up to the hotel, and fix you all off as square as a box. Which is it?"

"Oh, Mr. Sloper! Pa has such a queer way of marking his baggage. He was terribly afraid of losing it, so he put on marks he was sure there could be no mistake about. There, those trunks and boxes with such queer little pictures in white paint under the handles are ours!"

There was an awful hurry and skurry going on around; porters, firemen, passengers, and every thing, rushing and crushing about like mad; but as Lucy spoke, and as I looked at her baggage, something came into my mind, a light broke over me like a sky-rocket at midnight, and I burst into the loudest laugh that ever stirred me up since I was born. None of your little town-garden grins, but a regular hundred-thousand-acre guffaw—a laugh by the square mile—a whole Western prairie laugh. The old gentleman, wanting to distinguish his baggage, had stencilled little store-marks under the handles, such marks as you, reader, can see at the groceries on boxes of imported preserves and potted meats. On one trunk was a lobster, on another a herring, on one a cheese, on another a pie. Yes, it was in that identical "lobster" that Clara had kept her white satin dress, and in that very "cheese" that Lucy had discovered the diamond ring!—*Knickerbocker.*

Conversation.—Guests should be neither loquacious nor silent; because eloquence is for the forum, and silence for the bedchamber.—*Varro.*

Talk all wit would be as disagreeably monotonous as a dinner all champagne. When a man is always witty, it is a proof that he has no other quality equally conspicuous, and the person who is spoken of as *par excellence* "a wit," is a second-rate conversationist. "He was so well dressed," said somebody to Brummell, "that people would turn and look at him." "Then he was *not* well dressed," replied the great master of the art. We venture to apply the doctrine to table talk. It should not want wit; but it should not exceed in it; the epigram should be sprinkled over it with the natural grace of daisies on a meadow.—*Anon.*

There are persons who speak a moment before they have thought; there are others with whom you have to undergo in conversation all the labor of their minds—they talk correctly and wearisomely.—*La Bruyere.*

The art of conversation consists much less in your own abundance than in enabling others to find talk for themselves. Men do not wish to admire you; they want to please.—*Ibid.*

The honorablest part of talk is to give the occasion.—*Bacon.*

It would appear that to a thoroughly good talker something is required of the talents of active life. Lord Bacon, Selden, Cicero, Burke, were all men of action. Napoleon said things which tell in history like his battles. Luther's table talk glows with the fire which burnt the Pope's bull. Nearly all great orators have been excellent in colloquy, and—which is a kindred fact—a very large proportion of actors likewise. If we take the conversational men of letters, we shall find that they were either men fit for action, but kept out of it by accident, like Dr. Johnson, or at once men of letters and men of action, like Swift. If we take the conversational poets, we shall find them among those nearest to men of action in their natures, like Byron, and Burns, and Scott. The best sayers of good things have been among statesmen, diplomatists, and men of the world. In short, we think the essence of the quality lies as much in the *character* as in the *intellect*. It is an affair of the emotions, of the animal spirits, as well as of mental gifts.—*Anon.*

Democracy of the Bible.—Christianity, avoiding anarchy on the one hand and despotism on the other, sets the race on a path of unlimited advancement. It pronounces all men equal. In express terms, the Christian revelation declares all nations of the earth to be of one blood; it pronounces all men equally the subjects of one King; it makes the value of a soul infinite, and shows no difference between the worth of that of a beggar and that of a prince. Look into the stable at Bethlehem, on the night when crowned sage and humble shepherd knelt by the cradle of that babe who was their common King; do you not see, in that spectacle, the bond of an essential equality uniting all ranks, and making the regal purple and the peasant's russet, faint and temporary distinctions? Well might Coleridge say, that the fairest flower he ever saw climbing around a poor man's window, was not so beautiful in his eyes as the Bible which he saw lying within. If all classes forsook the gospel, one might expect the poor, the hard-toiling, the despised, to cling to it. Whatever Christianity may have become in our churches and in our times, the great class of the workers can find in its aspects no excuse for abandoning itself, unless they can show that the churches have re-written the Bible; unless they can allege that it no longer exhibits the divine Founder of Christianity preaching to the poor, companying with publicans and sinners; unless they can show that it was the sanctioned usage of apostolic times, to honor the rich in the Christian assemblage; unless, in one word, they can deny that the gospel holds forth to every man the prospects of being a king and a priest to God.—*Anon.*

A Flemish Jeffreys.—Among the ciphers who composed the rest of the board, the Flemish Counsellor Hessels was the one whom the Duke most respected. He was not without talent or learning, but the Duke only valued him for his cruelty. Being allowed but little share in the deliberations, Hessels was accustomed to dore away his afternoon hours at the council-table, and when awakened from his nap, in order that he might express an opinion on the case then before the Court, was wont to rub his eyes and to call out, "Ad patibulum, ad patibulum," (to the gallows with him, to the gallows with him,) with great fervor, but in entire ignorance of the culprit's name or the merits of the case. His wife, naturally disturbed that her husband's waking and sleeping hours were alike absorbed with this hangman's work, more than once ominously expressed her hope to him, that he, whose head and heart were thus engrossed with the gibbet, might one day come to hang upon it himself—a gloomy prophecy, which the future most terribly fulfilled.

"THE OLD LOVE."

I met her; she was thin and old;
She stooped, and trod with tottering feet;
The hair was grey that once was gold,
The voice was harsh that once was sweet.
Her hands were withered, and her eyes,
Robbed of the girlish light of joy,
Were dim; I felt a sad surprise
That I had loved her when a boy.

But yet a something in her air,
Restored me to the vanished time,
My heart grew young and seemed to wear
The brightness of my youthful prime.
I took her withered hand in mine—
Its touch recalled a ghost of joy—
I kissed it with a reverent sigh,
For I had loved her when a boy.

CHINESE THEATRICALS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

It may not be generally known that we have a Chinese Theatre in full operation in our city. It is on the east side of Dupont street, a few doors north of Clay. The troupe consists of some fifteen persons, and some of them are represented as being stars. Our reporter having been present a few evenings since, was enabled, with the aid of an interpreter, to obtain a synopsis of one of their plays. After giving it he will endeavor to describe some of the laws of their stage, and the peculiarities of their acting.

The *Quan Tso*, or *The Siege of the House of Tso*, is one of the shortest plays in the Chinese books. It is by no means a fair specimen; there is no fighting in it, (which seems to be almost an essential part of the Celestial Drama;) its brevity, in fact, is our only reason, in this instance, for taking it as an example.

The play opens with the appearance of Chew-fung-yan, a good warrior, a man of talent, and so beloved by the people that they become enthusiastic, and say that they will have him to reign over them. This coming to the ears of the Emperor, his Serene Highness becomes horribly terrified, and sends forth his soldiers to arrest the favorite, who escapes and endeavors to conceal himself in the house of his friend Tso-ye. The soldiers, however, arrest him on the way, and they are about to lead him back to the Emperor, when Tso-ye's brother's wife, whose husband, Chew-fung-yan, very much resembled, meets them, and persuades them that the latter is really her husband. The soldiers, therefore, release him, and set out to return. When the woman and Chew-fung-yan arrive to Tso-ye's house, she is suddenly struck with remorse for the deception which she has been guilty of, and bitterly repents. She reflects upon the feelings of her husband, when he shall come to know that she had acknowledged Chew-fung-yan as her husband, in derogation of his rights, and soon after dies of shame and grief.

In the meanwhile, the soldiers, thinking that they had done wrong in releasing their prisoner, return and surround Tso-ye's house, who has not yet learned that Chew-fung-yan is concealed in it. When Tso-ye hears of the siege, he goes out to learn the cause, and the soldiers tell him the orders they have received of the Emperor, and assure him that the favorate is concealed in his house. Tso-ye answers that no such person is in his premises to his knowledge; but if there should be, that he would certainly deliver the fugitive up the next morning. The soldiers, satisfied with this answer, go away, and Tso-ye returns into the house and makes a search, which results in the discovery of Chew-fung-yan. A conversation occurs between them, and after a long struggle between friendship and loyalty, Tso-ye at last decides in favor of the latter, hand-cuffs Chew-fung-yan, and shuts him up in a chamber.

In the middle of the night a good genius, taking the part of injured innocence, descends into the chamber, and with a huge sword cuts off a large wen on the back of Chew-fung-yan's neck, a peculiar mark, it seems, by which he was known to his friends and particularly to the Emperor.

Tso-ye passes the whole night in conflicting thoughts and rises in the morning with great indecision as to what course he shall pursue in regard to his friend. He concludes to lay the whole matter before the prisoner, and receive and follow his advice. Chew-fung-yan answers that he had done right; he commends him for his loyalty, and advises him to pursue the good resolution which he had formed. Tso-ye urges his obligations to his friend, and finally, as a last resort, Chew-fung-yan bares his neck and assures his friend that there will be no danger, as Heaven itself had declared in his favor. With these assurances Tso-ye calls in the soldiers and the favorite is led off in custody to the Emperor. The grand *finale* of the play is the scene between the prisoner and the Emperor, when an examination takes place and Chew-fung-yan is pronounced not to be Chew-fung yan, and is dismissed with great honor.

Such is the plot of one of these remarkable plays, the performance of which, however, would only be beggared by description. The actual representation must be seen before an adequate idea can be formed of Chinese theatricals.

The stage is a carpeted platform a few feet high, at the back of which is a door on either side, fronting the audience, and leading into the green-room. A few chairs and tables, and a bench between the doors for the orchestra, complete the furniture of a Chinese theatre. There are no "scenes," and no drop curtain. The actors are all male, though those who play the female characters resemble females so much, even to the small feet and fine, long, tapering fingers, that it is only on undoubted authority that we can be induced to believe it. The wardrobe is the completest part of the arrangements, and paints and horse-hair beards are used in great abundance.

When an actor appears, he advances from one of the back doors to the front of the stage, and announces whom he represents—and so on with every actor, or whenever an actor takes another character, which is frequently done without changing the dress, he likewise comes forth and announces the fact, thus making himself a kind of "chorus" between his role and the audience.

The female characters are truly wonderful delineations to be played by males. The apparent meekness and modesty displayed, generally speaking, are remarkable. We say generally speaking, for on some occasions an Amazon appears and turns somersaults and does innumerable other immodest things, not necessary to be mentioned. The orchestra, meanwhile, which is composed of fiddles, clarionets, cymbals and gongs, keeps up its everlasting bang and squeak during the whole play.

And to all this the Chinese will sit and listen for five long hours, with the gravest of countenances, and without opening their mouths or showing the slightest marks of disapprobation upon any occasion. There is never any applause, except sometimes a sort of involuntary grunt; but there is also never a hiss or a murmur. But the most wonderful of all the performances are the battles, our remarks upon which, however, as none occurred in the above play, we reserve for the commentary on another play, which we may give at a future time.—*California Chronicle.*

Contrivance.—As Dr. Darwin was walking one day in his garden, he perceived a wasp upon the gravel walk with a large fly, nearly as big as itself, which it had caught. Kneeling down, he distinctly saw it cut off the head and abdomen, and then taking up with his feet the trunk or middle portion of the body, to which the wings remained attached, fly away; but a breeze of wind, acting on the wings of the fly, turned round the wasp with its burden, and impeded its progress. Upon this it alighted again on the gravel walk, deliberately sawed off first one wing, and then the other, and having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with its booty.

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"Yet four weeks longer he remained in our neighborhood before he could tear himself away. Before he left, a plan of correspondence was arranged, by which his letters were to reach me under cover to Mrs. Malmaison, whose correspondence was always sacred. My letters were to be directed and transmitted by her hand to him. So he left us. And I never saw him but once again, until I met him this day. Well, when he had gone I had little time to give to selfish sorrow, for the clouds began to gather dark, heavy, and threatening over our house. My brother Philip, whose health, since his marriage, had steadily declined, was now failing so rapidly, that my father came down from Mount Storm, and conveyed him thither in the hope that the fine, bracing mountain air and pure rock spring water might be able to restore him. He was zealously attended by Ada, from whom, indeed, he could not bear to be separated for an hour. But alas! the mountain air and water had no remedial power for him. The journey thither only wearied and exhausted him. He never rallied from that state of prostration, but died at Mount Storm, within less than a year after his marriage. It has so often been said that 'when sorrows come they come not single spies,' that it seems but a vain repetition to say it over again now. But, in fact, troubles came to us 'in battalions.' We had not recovered from the first severe grief for Philip's death, when my father received a letter from Eustace, announcing his marriage with a French girl of obscure birth. One would have thought that while grieving so deeply for the lost son, he could not have been very angry with the sole living one. But such was not the case. Grief only seemed to deepen and confirm anger. He never showed us the letter or told us the name of the poor girl whom Eustace had taken to wife, but then and there he solemnly renounced him, forbidding us ever to mention the name of his eldest son in his hearing.

"All this while my own individual troubles were pressing me very heavily. I think that all ardent temperaments are addicted to rash confidences, and to jealousies as rash. I had risked, and now began to fear that I had wrecked my whole life's happiness upon that unauthorized marriage. The letters of Francois had at first come regularly and frequently, then they came less regularly and frequently. I expressed my uneasiness to Mrs. Malmaison, and she soothed and calmed me into superficial quietude. But as weeks grew into months, the letters came at comparatively rare intervals, and my anxiety rose gradually to fever heat. Still she sought, or *seemed* to seek, to calm me, and to preserve my faith in Francois. She said, no doubt that all was well, that Francois was well, that we should know in time, etc. At last the letters ceased altogether. Missive after missive of mine remained unanswered. I grew nearly frantic at every new disappointment. And she had enough to do to conceal my storms of sorrow and prevent an exposure. She implored me to take care of my health; she plied me with narcotics and sedatives; night and day she or her maid Bridget remained with me. My father scarcely noticed my failing health and spirits, so much was *his* interest absorbed in the welfare of Mrs. Malmaison, whom he now regarded as the prospective mother of his sole heir. But at length she called his attention to the fact that my strength was declining, and begged permission to take me down for change of air to the shore plantation. He hesitated long before he gave his consent. It was very difficult for him to accompany us then; but he made Ada promise that she would send for him before the expected family event. We went. And a few weeks after our arrival, there was, indeed, a male heir born to the Malmaison estate; but, the babe reputed to be the posthumous child of Philip Malmaison and Ada his wife, was really mine. That unhappy Bridget, and Doctor Throgmorton, were necessarily in the secret. Some thousand dollars purchased the silence of the latter. As may be judged, Colonel Malmaison had not been summoned *before*, and was not for several weeks *after* the birth of his grandchild. When at last he came, Ada very gracefully playing the invalid, gave him no time to ask why he had not been sent for—but anticipated that purpose by gently reproaching her 'dear father' for not coming at once, in compliance with the request contained in her letter. 'Letter! What letter? He had received none,' he said. Ada knew that perfectly well; but answered that it must have been lost. And so the scape-goat of a lost letter bore off all the blame. Now, had her deception in respect to that infant, been found out, she would have excused her whole action by her regard for his daughter's honor and his own peace, and would have compelled him, instead of blaming her perfidy, to praise her fidelity! But, oh! the unspeakable—yes!—the inconceivable misery of my own heart during the days that followed! Still no word came of Francois. And even Ada had now ceased to bid me hope, but bade me *try* to divert my mind and think of something else. And she procured entertaining books for me. They were old-fashioned romances, the staple of which, with variations, was always false marriages, abductions, betrayals—still the same revolting story of woman's pitiable weakness and credulity, and man's violence or treachery—until my very soul sickened with self-loathing at these reflected images of itself. For several of these seemed parallel cases to my own. Was there not in *my* case also, the secret courtship, the clandestine marriage, the separation; then the letters, few and far between, and finally ceasing altogether? Ah! it seemed to me too true that the parallel was complete all through, and that my Francois was—what I will not wrong him now by repeating! Palliate my folly, oh, Vivia! for I was but sixteen and had no wise friend. Still my love pleaded for Francois, against all this circumstantial evidence. Time that comforts grief does but aggravate suspense. I grew worse. Still Mrs. Malmaison plied me with sedatives and narcotics, and furnished me with books. Her whole treatment was directed to one end—namely—without self-compromise, yet surely—to confirm my mind in the belief of Francois' perfidy and to subdue me to my fate. Hence the character of her practice upon mind and body. There was one secret I kept from her. I was moved by an irresistible impulse to proceed to the city, and to find out for myself what had prevented Francois from writing or coming. But this cherished purpose I kept to myself. I felt sure that Mrs. Malmaison would oppose it. And I knew the strength of her will too well to engage it. Now whether my strong constitution had by the habitual use of sedatives grown accustomed to and conquered their effects, or whether Mrs. Malmaison no longer administered them in their first strength I know not; but certainly as autumn approached and the family talked of returning to the interior, my restlessness increased—my wish to seek out my husband became an insufferable good; and so one night—the very night before the purposed return of the family to Mount Storm—I gathered together what valuable jewels I possessed, took the money I had been saving for this very emergency, made them up into a packet, put it, with a change of clothing, into a small carpet-bag, dressed myself in dark brown as an unattractive costume, tied a thick veil over my bonnet, and at twelve o'clock, when the family were all in bed and probably asleep, and on foot I commenced my journey to the distant turnpike where the stage-coach would pass to take me up. Vivia! I do not intend to dwell upon all the toils and sorrows of a journey, and a search that ended in dispair. In time I reached the city of my destination. And after a weary seeking and great misconstruction, and many rebuffs and not a few affronts, I learned that Francois had gone to M——, his native city in France. Vivia, I followed him! I went to France! Why I did not die instead, I do not know! why above all, I did not die *afterwards*, I can no more tell. After a stormy voyage of three months we reached M——, and there I recommenced my search. I had no idea before of what a formidable enterprise it was to seek for an obscure individual throughout a strange city. To economise my means, I took the humblest decent lodgings that I could find. But a month of fruitless seeking had reduced me to despair before I thought of applying to the police. It was even then the last and bitterest resource, but I resorted to it—offering liberal payment for information. And in twenty-four hours, Vivia, I received intelligence that Monsieur Francois Laglorieux lived at a small *cabane* about three miles out of town, on the road to V——. I lost no time; I set out immediately; and after a ride of half an hour, reached the lane leading between two green hedges to the cottage. It was nearly dusk, and something prompted me to steal upon and surprise Francois. At the head of the lane I jumped off my tired nag, and gave him in charge of a little *paysan*.

"'*Qui vive, dans la cabane mon enfant?*' I inquired.

"'*Monsieur Francois,*' replied the child.

"'*Seulement?*'

"'*Non, Madame—avec son femme.*'

"'Son femme!'—the word was ambiguous—I hardly dared to hazard the next question.

"'*Son femme mariee?*'

"'*Oui, Madame,*' replied the child, unconscious of the stab his answer gave me. With my heart slowly beating as though it were about to stop forever, I walked softly up the shadows of the lane, my dark dress toning in with the dark hues around, making me quite invisible. So unobserved I approached the cot. It was so tiny that a hop vine covered not only the porch but the whole building, roof and chimney. As I drew near the sound of voices stole softly upon my ear. I could only distinguish that the first was the voice of a woman, and the second that of Francois. Just Heaven! how I suffered! Then by the faint light of a lamp that gleamed through the lattice of the parlor window and fell upon the end of the vine-shaded porch, I saw two figures, saw them distinctly in that partial but bright illumination. One was that of my Francois—his dress poor, his face was pale, his countenance was very sorrowful. By his side, reclining upon his bosom, while his arm was thrown tenderly around her, and his head inclined lovingly towards her, sat one of the most delicately beautiful women I ever saw. A pang of jealousy like the sword of death pierced my bosom at that sight, yet I looked on—slaying myself through my eyes. She was scarcely passed childhood, yet on the eve of motherhood! I gazed, and soon she spoke again raising her lovely face.

"'I feel that I shall die, Francois,' she said, very sadly.

"'Nay, my dearest love, that is but nervousness; all women in your circumstances are haunted with that fear. It means nothing that should alarm you.'

"'Ah! but all women have not suffered as I already have done.'

"'The more reason, my Genevieve, that you should suffer no longer. We are very poor it is true, but no real necessary of life shall you want if my labor, ay! or my life will purchase it; but cheer up—we shall yet see better days.'

"These and other words of tenderest solicitude flowed from his lips as he embraced and bent over her; while in extremest bitterness of spirit I looked on and listened. Who had soothed *me* in my greatest need I asked myself. Oh! I had thought to be prepared for just some such denouement as this—but now! the blow fell with all the crushing and annihilating force of a thunder-bolt. Stunned, blinded, reeling, insensible but for the burning anguish of my heart, I moved from the spot; as one in a terrible dream I performed the journey back to town. The next day I embarked on a homeward bound ship—one only purpose in my heart—to see my child again and die. The very day of sailing I was struck down with a low, nervous fever, that lasted during the greater time of the voyage. There were some nuns of the order of the Visitation going over to the United States to carry their rule to a new branch of the mother house at G——. They nursed me with tenderness and skill. And by the time the ship anchored at Norfolk harbor I was able to go on shore. Something in the placid faces of those dear nuns had laid my restlessness to rest, and soothed and charmed my heart to peace. Bidding them adieu I took their address. Then I pursued my sad journey homeward. But when I reached the last stage on the road, where yet my identity was unknown, I stopped, left my baggage at the inn, and with the same thick veil concealing my features I set out for Mount Storm. I did not intend to make myself known to any but Mrs. Malmaison or Bridget, and dreaded discovery by other members of the household. Therefore I dared not approach any entrance of the house, and thus days passed before chance presented the opportunity I desired. At last, however, it happened that I met Bridget as she was returning from early mass. I believe I nearly frightened that poor woman out of her senses by suddenly raising my veil and addressing her by name. When, however, she had recovered her surprise, she readily promised to deliver my message to Mrs. Malmaison. And she kept her word. An hour from that time Ada and myself met within the walls of the church, always open, yet at that hour empty. Oh, Vivia! I threw myself upon the bosom of that false woman and poured out all my sorrowful story.

"'My poor child! had you confided in me I should have saved you that terrible experience! I should have informed you of that which before I had hesitated to pain you by telling—namely, of the perfidy of your lover, of which I had secretly sought, and obtained proofs. My poor Eustacia, that woman whom you saw was his wedded wife months before he ever saw *your* face,' she said. I thought I knew it—had known it long, yet hearing her say it—I could not suppress a cry of pain. She tried to calm me. She spoke of my child's future. She said that Austin must remain as her own child in her own sole possession. Most speciously she glozed over the sin of deception and imposition by reasoning that the babe was as much the grandson of Colonel Malmaison as if he had been really Philip's child instead of mine, and that therefore he was quite as much entitled to his care and protection. That the infant was entirely innocent of the sins of his parents, and should be exempt from their punishment, which would surely fall heavily as wrongfully upon him were the secret of his birth made known. Finally that the discovery of that mystery would certainly kill or craze Colonel Malmaison, while, on the other hand, the judicious concealment of it would wrong no one, but on the contrary would preserve and bless the child, and make the old man happy in his heir.

"I was in her hands. I was sinking, despairing, all but dying—all my power—all my inner life seemed stricken unto death. I had no force to resist her—she did with me what she would. After such an escapade I could not return home—she said. That I knew well, but disregarded—as

"'Who falls from all they know of bliss
Cares little into what abyss.'

"She said a convent was the only shelter left me. The Mother's house of refuge!—the sanctuary!—it seemed to open its arms to invite me to its rest! to receive my tempest-tost and weary soul upon its quiet, holy bosom! I consented. I thought that I could lay down there and die. Mrs. Malmaison then appointed a rendezvous with me in the city, promising to bring my child with her when she came. I hastened on to Baltimore, where she—having made some plausible pretext for her journey, accompanied by her confidential servant Bridget, and bringing the infant, soon joined me. We spent a day together, and then I took leave of my babe, leaving him at the hotel in the care of Bridget, and set out, attended by Mrs. Malmaison for the Convent of M——. I think my heart was just then palsied, it suffered so little in parting from the babe. We reached the Convent, which I entered as a postulant. And Mrs. Malmaison took leave of me and returned to her adopted child, and then to her home. Let me hurry over what remains. My noviciate was short, and at the end of six months I received the black veil. Well! the reaction of my life of excitement, the calmness, the beauty and the holiness of the sphere of devotion around me, soothed the restlessness of my spirit into a sort of rest. Months of comparative serenity passed. 'Content—not happy'—might then have been said of me also. While still believing Francois guilty, I forgave, as I could not choose but love him. I prayed for him daily. And then from this mood sprang the hope that he might not have been so guilty towards me as he seemed. Somehow, as my soul grew calm, this hope strengthened into a conviction against all evidence. Time passed. I was changed to this Convent, and some years after my arrival, I was made its Abbess. At last the night came when you made your appearance at our house. You bore the impress of his features, you called yourself a native of the village of Bellecœuvres, in France, stated your age to be ten years—called yourself by his name. All this was circumstantial evidence so strong, that I did not for an instant doubt that you were his child. How entirely I had forgiven him, you may know from the memory of the attachment I conceived for you, believed to be his child. Mrs. Malmaison soon detected this mistake, and favored it. She gave me to understand, not by direct assertion so much as by inference, that you were the child of Francois Laglorieux and of her own half sister. And that impression was never wholly erased until to-day. It is true that years, experience and reason had done much to confirm my instinctive justification of Francois and doubt of Ada. So much for my own personal experience of that woman's duplicity. Now for the synopsis of her practices upon Francois, confided by him to me this day. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHINESE BUDDHISTIC WORSHIP IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

BY G. H. McMASTERS.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not;
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon shot!
When the files
Of the foes,
From the smoky night encampment,
Bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn;
And grummer, grummer, grummer,
Rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn.

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
While the balls whistled deadly,
And in flames flashing redly,
Blazed the fires;
As the swift
Billows drift,
Drove the dark battle breakers
O'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder,
Cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracked amain!

Then like smith's at their forges,
Labored red St. George's
Cannoneers;
And the villainous saltpetre
Rang a fierce, discordant notre,
Round our ears;
Like the roar
On a shore,
Rose the horse-guards' clangor,
As they rode in roaring anger
On our flanks;
And higher, higher, higher,
Burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the bare-headed colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder cloud,
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing,
Trample-loud!
And the blue
Bullets flew
And the trooper jackets reddened
At the touch of the leadened
Ride a breath!
And rounder, rounder, rounder,
Roared the iron six-pounder
Hurling death!

GOETHE'S MOTHER.—His mother was but eighteen when he was born. She was a lively girl, full of German sentiment, with warm impulses, by no means much troubled with a conscience, exceedingly afraid of her husband, who was near twenty years her senior, and seemingly both willing and skillful in the invention of occasional white lies adapted to screen her children from his minute, fidgetty, and rather austere superintendence. She "spoiled" her children on principle, and made no pretension to conduct a systematic training, which she abhorred. She said of herself, in after years, that she could "educate no child, was quite unfit for it, gave them every wish so long as they laughed and were good, and whipped them if they cried or made wry mouths, without ever looking for any reason why they laughed or cried." Her belief in Providence was warm with German sentiment, and not a little tinged with superstition. She rejoiced greatly when her son published the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul," which she loved as a memorial of a lost pietistic friend. Her religion was one of emotion rather than of moral reverence. She was generous and extravagant, and, after her husband's death, seems to have spent capital as well as income. She was passionately fond of the theatre, a taste which she transmitted to her son.

Her hearty simplicity of nature made her everywhere loved. Her servants loved and stayed with her to the last. She seems to have had at least as much humor as her son, which, for Germans, was not inconsiderable, and not much more sense of awe. She gave the most detailed orders for her own funeral, and even specified the kind of wine and the size of the cracknels with which the mourners were to be regaled; ordering the servants not to put too few raisins into the cakes, as she never could endure that in her life, and it would certainly chafe her in her grave. Having been invited to go to a party on the day on which she died, she sent for answer that "Madame Goethe could not come, as she was engaged just then in dying." Yet her sensitiveness was so great that she always made it a condition with her servants that they should never repeat to her painful news that they had picked up accidentally, as she wished to hear nothing sad without absolute necessity. And during her son's dangerous illness at Weimar, in 1805, no one ventured to speak to her of it till it was passed, though she affirmed that she had been conscious all the time of his danger without the heart to mention it. This peculiarity Goethe inherited.—*National Review.*

WHAT SHAKSPEARE WAS LIKE.

When Shakspeare's colemporaries praise him for "his *gentle* muse," the question will arise—What part of a man will posterity choose to retain? And may it not possibly be the very part which he himself least values, and would least suspect?

That he was a boon companion, and fond of good fellowship, there can be little doubt. All cotemporary information about him sufficiently proves this; and, in fault of it, his own works say more to the purpose. His rich nature overflows on all sides. His experience is from without, as well as from within. He treats of manners, and habits, and personal peculiarities, no less dexterously than of the deeper human passions. He does not anatomize, but create; and he never sits down in his study without opening the window, and letting the babble from the town, and the sunshine from the field, stream through it. It was well for the perfect development of his genius, that his youth had great experience of nature—his manhood, of men. His first poem, the "Venus and Adonis," breathes of the woodland and the sky.

We wonder whether he was, himself, fully aware of the colossal nature of his own intelligence. Did he ever meet a man whom he held superior to himself? We are puzzled to know how far he was rightly appreciated by his contemporaries. That he was appreciated, there can be little doubt; but we question if it was to the full. We must believe that Spencer was the fashionable poet of the time; but he certainly alludes with high honor to Shakspeare. And yet it is less the profundity and majesty of his stupendous genius, than its genial and graceful humanity, that we find everywhere praised by those who were nearest to him.

Of no writer, do we see, through the intellect, so much of the temperament, as of Shakspeare. If, on the one hand, his cordial and exuberant nature made him the merriest of his tavern friends; on the other, those delicate and nervous susceptibilities which usually accompany such a disposition, must have been exquisitely developed in his organization: and we venture the belief that he was subject to fits of intensely low spirits and gloom, at times. We doubt if his digestion was not sometimes at war with his good living. How frequent, throughout his plays, are the invocations against evil dreams and restless nights! Where else is so strangely given us the whole "anatomy of melancholy?" Who else has been so thoroughly to the heart of solitude and sorrow! How, too, does he not gloat over the loathsome interior of the tomb of all the Capulets with Juliet; and with Clarence on the monstrous abyss of ocean; and with the Ghost of the Royal Dane, upon the preternatural horrors of Purgatory? This is so great a star that he has warped us out of our orbit. In vain we seek to peer into that life; as vainly as to search the sources of the sea. Yet who but lingers by the ocean, if only to pick up shells upon the shore? With how quaint a curiosity we muse upon that strange bequest of his second best bed to Nan Hathaway, his wife! Was this the only cynicism we have seen in his humor? Of his brothers and sisters we know nothing but that they lived and died. Neither of his son, and if he loved him; and if, at that boy's death, a second Shakspeare was lost to us. He is almost too great to speak of. His fame needs not to be

Registered upon his brazen tomb.

We return to other men, to observe what dwarfs they seem beside him.—*Anon.*

AVARICE.—Sir William Smythe, of Bedfordshire, was my own kinsman. When he was near seventy, he was wholly deprived of his sight; he was persuaded to be couched by Taylor, the oculist, who, by agreement, was to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was able to read and write without the use of spectacles during the rest of his life; but as soon as the operation was performed, and Sir William saw the good effect of it, instead of being overjoyed as any other person would have been, he began to lament the loss (as he called it,) of his sixty guineas. His contrivance, therefore, was how to cheat the oculist; he pretended he could not see anything perfectly; for that reason, the bandage on his eye was continued a month longer than the usual time. By this means, he obliged Taylor to compound the bargain, and accept of twenty guineas; for a covetous man thinks no method dishonest, which he may legally practice to save his money.—*Dr. King's Anecdotes of his Own Times.*

THE VIEWS OF CHILDHOOD.—Mrs. Stowe was questioned by her little girl as to the unpardonable sin. "What," said she, "cannot God forgive it?" "No," replied the other. "But," said the child, "is not God a Christian, then?"

The child of a Woman's Rights advocate heard the Lord's Prayer in a public school. "Ma," said she upon coming home, "I don't want to say 'Amen' at the end, as the other girls do. Why can't I say A-women?"—*Boston Transcript.*

CHINESE BUDDHISTIC WORSHIP
IN SAN FRANCISCO.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

During the first part of the month of April, there was a great Chinese religious festival at the Sze Yap Asylum in this city. The Sze Yap Company is an organization of 9,000 Chinamen, residing in California for purposes of mutual benefit. They have built a large brick house on Pine street, near Kearney, which is used as an asylum for their sick and poor, as a storehouse for their property, and as a place of business for the officers of the company. Most of the members of the association are scattered through the mines and mining towns, from Yreka to Millerton, and scarcely a tenth of them reside here. The latter, however, are generally the most intelligent and wealthy of their number.

All these Chinamen have religious ideas, and were educated to attach importance to certain religious ceremonies. These ideas and ceremonies are not those of Christendom. All Sze Yap can scarcely muster a score of believers in the Gospel of the Saviour; they adhere stubbornly to the ancient doctrines learned in their native land. Their peculiar position here has prevented them from observing their rites regularly. Only on rare occasions have they held public worship. Their ceremonies, during the period of which we write, were the first in the State to which the white world were invited. Their worship was novel and interesting, and naturally attracted much attention; and it is estimated that some 10,000 "outside barbarians" visited the Asylum during its continuance.

On entering the home of the Sze Yaps, a long hall leads to a court on which the audience chamber opens. This chamber is 22 feet wide by 40 long, and about 14 feet high. Along the sides of the room are ranged a number of chairs made in Chinese style, of a hard black wood. Each chair is cushioned and covered by a piece of red embroidered silk, reaching from the top of the chair to the floor. The embroidery on the back of the chair is most elaborately executed with gold and silver thread, and green, blue, and yellow silk. That portion of the silk in front of the chair below the seat, is also very elaborately embroidered, and it has a very singular little cushion, made apparently as a rest for the calves of the legs.

At the side of each chair is a little stand, about 14 inches square, just high enough for the arms to rest upon. These stands are made of the same material with the chairs, and their size and appearance suggest the idea that they were made to support a cup of tea.

Leaving the audience-chamber, we go up a narrow stairway, and arrive at the chapel, which is the scene represented in the engraving. The chapel is of the same size with the audience-chamber. Near the entrance of the room is a large table, upon which are three huge wax candles burning, and three metallic urns, of a material resembling Britannia ware in lustre. The central urn has a dragon on its lid, through whose ugly mouth a stream of smoke rises from incense burning within. Beyond the incense-table is the offering-table. On this are several large plates, one containing a half-grown hog, either roasted, or varnished to imitate the appearance of that condition. Another plate contains a whole ram, with legs, hoofs, head, ears, eyes and horns, cleaned apparently by the aid of boiling water. On another plate is a boiled hen. A great variety of indescribable esculents are also arranged on this table on smaller plates. To the west of this is a long narrow table supporting a number of plates heaped high with cakes, and a sacred lamp, which is supposed to be burning for all eternity. Here also are several metallic vessels containing *joss sticks*, which burn very slowly, without flame. Each stick is dedicated to some saint or sacred personage.

West of this table are a number of wooden carvings, painted with strong and brilliant colors, black, blue, scarlet, yellow and green, and covered with Chinese writing and drawing in profuse guilding and colored enamels. The carved work gradually recede at the centre to the western wall of the room, against which, at a height of four feet from the floor, sits the idol of Ching-Tai, a famous Chinese warrior, who lived about 1,500 years ago, and conducted himself so bravely on earth, that at his death he was elevated to divine honors. The idol is of the size of a large man, and is in a sitting posture. The face is of a very strong red color, exceeding in intensity the most blushing of bricks. A magnificent moustache, of very long horsehair, adorns his upper lip, and his eyes sparkle with a glary lustre. He is clothed in very rich garments, and his knees are adorned with jewels and precious stones. The ceiling is partly hidden with five variously colored boards, about 12 feet long and two feet wide, which are hung by the sides, and at such an angle that all can be seen from the door. Upon each is inscribed a sacred maxim in Chinese writing. The aspect of the room from the front is imposing. Several flags hang at its sides and near the alcove, and although the colors are more brilliant than harmonious, yet they produce a strong effect. The furniture of this chapel cost $12,000 in China.

Every morning during the continuance of the festival, a religious ceremony took place, which might be likened to High Mass in the Roman Catholic service. Half-a-dozen Chinamen, apparently priests, dressed in long robes of dark violet and light blue silk, entered the room, while one of their number chanted some monotonous words. The priests took places before the incense-table, kneeled upon cushions, and bowed successively a number of times to the idol. After rising, they marched around the room in procession, and took places again before the incense-table, where they kneeled towards, and made motions as if to embrace, each other. They then marched in procession about the room, kneeled before the hindmost table, and kneeled and bowed to the idol and each other, when one of them poured out a libation before the deity.

Another march and they are again before the incense-table. One of the priests then read from an unbound Chinese book on pink paper, several passages, occasionally bowing. Then there was a chant by a number of persons, and after several other processions about the room, chantings, kneelings, bowings, &c., the worship of Ching-Tai was suspended for several hours. During the greater portion of the ceremony, which lasted thirty of forty minutes, there was a chant conducted by one of the priests, or instrumental efforts at music in an adjoining room, on gongs, cymbals, and a shrill stringed instrument, for which Christian tongues have no name. The sounds were endured by the Chinese with a placidity perfectly unaccountable to "outsiders."

The ceremonies observed were those of the Buddhist religion, which prevails very extensively in China. The resemblance of the paraphernalia, of the chapel to the furniture of some Catholic Churches, and of the performances to the ceremonies of the Catholic priests, is so striking, that no one can observe the two without being astonished at the likeness.

MAKING FREE WITH THE COMMANDMENTS.—The late Dr. Lockhart, of the College Church, Glasgow, when travelling in England, was sojourning at an inn when the Sabbath came round. On entering the public room, and about to set out to church, he found two gentlemen preparing for a game of chess. He addressed them in words to this effect: "Gentlemen, have you locked up your portmanteaus carefully?" "No. What! are there thieves in this house?" Answer: "I do not say *that*—only I was thinking that if the waiter comes in, and finds you making free with the Fourth Commandment, he may think of making free with the Eighth Commandment." Upon this, the gentlemen said:—"There was something in that," and so laid aside their game.

CONGRESS.

In the SENATE, on June 16th, Mr. Brown submitted a resolution, which was adopted, calling on the President to communicate a copy of the instructions to Mr. Buchanan in relation to "free ships making free goods," and Mr. Buchanan's letter to the Earl of Clarendon, on the same subject.

Mr. Clayton said it would be remembered that he had carefully abstained during the present session from uttering one word calculated to add to the excitement growing out of the present distressing occurrences in Kansas. He had endeavored to conciliate all parties in order that he might on some suitable occasion present a measure of harmony, justice and peace.

He now rose for the purpose of making the proposition in the sincerity of an honest heart, desiring to propitiate no particular party or section. He would not present his bill as a partisan of any candidate for the Presidency, but like the ballot, he desired to go in a gang by himself. He was the representative of a little State, which occupies middle ground between the Northern and Southern portions of the Confederacy.

The northern county of that State, with 80,000 inhabitants, numbered but one hundred slaves. The southern is as grossly pro-slavery as Georgia. The middle county is the one which gave him birth, and is conservative and fairly divided in opinion.

But the whole of that little State is deeply anxious to preserve the Union and prevent a rupture if possible. He had objected to Kansas coming into the Union now as a Sovereign State. One reason was there is not the federal population of 20,000, exclusive of Indians and others not taxed. There is a feeling in the North, which, if suffered to continue, will result in serious injury to the common union.

He stated his objections both to Mr. Douglas' and Mr. Seward's bills, which proposed the admission of Kansas into the Union, and referred to the latest accounts from the Territory, saying, "Shall we sit by when forty men were recently slain, and the excitement constantly increasing, and towns being sacked and plundered, without endeavoring to avert this distressing and shameful condition of things?" It is only by justice that peace can be restored.

Some of the laws in Kansas are palpably unjust and unconstitutional, and such it was the duty of Congress to repeal. One of them proclaims that no man shall vote until he swears to support the Fugitive Slave Law. He repeated that it was unjust and cruel towards one section of this Union, and was insulting to any honorable man who differed from him regarding that law. It was a dangerous and unexampled precedent and contrary to the Nebraska Bill. Another law of Kansas denies to any man the right to speak or print against the existence or legality of slavery in that Territory, and punishes those thus infringing the statute with hard labor in the penitentiary for not less than two years. It does not say how many more. This shows the disgraceful character of the Act.

Mr. Clayton then submitted his bill supplementary to the Act to organize Nebraska and Kansas. It provides that the Secretary of State shall cause a census to be taken, making 1,000 persons the basis for one representative, and 2,000 for a member of Council of the Territory. The legal voters must be bona fide residents three months before the election, and one month residents of their respective election districts; after the apportionment, the Governor to issue his proclamation directing the election of members of the Legislative Assembly, to be held not less than fifty nor more than sixty days, after the date of the proclamation.

No law shall remain in force violative of the great principles asserted in the Kansas Nebraska Bill, relative to non-intervention with regard to slavery, or whereby the people shall be prohibited from a free and full discussion of their own domestic institutions or interests, or whereby said people shall be prohibited from adjusting or denying the extension or the prosperity of prohibiting slavery in the Territory; or the United or threatened with any penalty or punishment; nor shall any test oath be required relative to the Fugitive Slave law or any other law of Congress. Trial by jury shall be on all common law, and no challenge or objection to a juror shall avail which is not authorized by the rules of the common law, any statute to the contrary notwithstanding.

The bill provides, that when the Territory shall contain 93,420 inhabitants, the people shall be authorized to call a Convention for the formation of a State Constitution,

Mr. Butler caused to be read a letter addressed to him by Dr. Boyle, complaining that Dr. Lindsley's note, read at the instance of Mr. Wilson, on Friday, did him injustice. Dr. Boyle says that Dr. Lindsley himself, on the 30th of May, informed him that there was "not much the matter" with Mr. Sumner, and Dr. B. enclosed a statement from Dr. Miller for the purpose of showing that Mr. Sumner's condition was not as critical as had been represented by Dr. Lindsley.

Mr. Adams addressed the Senate in support of his Bill proposing to extend the term of naturalization to twenty-one years, and exclude foreign criminals and paupers, and to prevent these and European serfs from controlling the elections, and thus perilling our liberties. He took the ground that the South are more interested in this subject than the North, which he essayed to prove by reference to statistics.

Mr. James presented the resolutions of the Rhode Island Legislature in the condemnation of the Sumner assault. He said that while he had the honor to hold a seat in the Senate, he should defend here, or elsewhere, if need be, the freedom of debate.

Mr. Brown remarked that he had not seen on the part of any one an attempt to restrain the utmost freedom of debate. If a man departs from his legitimate sphere to make an attack on another, he must hold himself responsible, and take the consequences.

Mr. Seward differed widely from Mr. Brown as to what was propriety and courtesy. It is not the right of the individual members, merely that is involved. States only are here represented. We are not persons or individuals. We are the representatives of States, and whenever we forget our States and being ourselves and our interests, our rights and wishes before this assembly, we make as great a mistake as the tragedian who turns aside to perpetrate a jest in the tragedy which is being enacted. The Constitution prevents a Senator from being called to account elsewhere than in the Senate, for words spoken in debate.

Mr. Brown replied that this was a controversy between individuals and not between States. If he had inflicted gross personal insult on the Senator as a man and gentleman, he would be responsible to him elsewhere, but not a Senator.

Mr. Seward said the States and the Union were deeply interested in having their opinions and policy maintained and defended by their representatives, and he repeated that a Senator could not elsewhere be called to account for words spoken in debate.

Messrs. Brown and Reid opposed the printing of the resolutions.

Mr. Toombs differed from the resolutions of Rhode Island, denying that the Constitution legalizes calumny and protects calumniators.

Mr. Brown asked Mr. Seward whether, if any one should say the Senator from New York could not open his mouth without uttering a falsehood, it would not be a personal insult for which he ought to be held responsible.

Mr. Seward replied that everything that could be said against him had been said; but he had a philosophy which had carried him through life, thus expressed:

"A modest, decent, well-bred man
Will not insult me, and no other can."

The resolutions were ordered to be printed.

On the 19th, Mr. Clayton made a personal explanation, stating that he had been misrepresented by Lord Clarendon, in his remarks, made in the British House of Lords, respecting Central American affairs.

Mr. Butler, replying to Mr. Wilson's defence of Mr. Sumner, relative to certain provisions of the Constitution of South Carolina, stated that Mr. Wilson had misrepresented the Constitution of that State altogether.

Mr. Cass made some remarks supplementary to those of Mr. Clayton, and on the same subject.

Mr. Pearce sustained the American interpretation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

Mr. Toombs wished to have it understood that he did not agree with Mr. Clayton, that the Central American question was not a proper subject for arbitration. He could see no reason why it should not be left to an umpire.

The resolution from the House, supplying the new members with the usual number of books of a public character, was taken up and passed.

Several bills of minor importance passed, and the Senate then adjourned.

The HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES was not in Session till the 18th inst. On that day Mr. Harrison introduced a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the President to inform the House what measures, if any, have been taken under the act of Congress appropriating $25,000 to procure from Hiram Powers, the sculptor, some work of art for the adornment of the Capitol extension.

Mr. Grow said that for some days past there has appeared in the public prints what purports to be a letter from Governor Reeder to him. In justice to Governor Reeder, and to vindicate himself from the imputation of a gross breach of confidence, in publishing a private communication, he declared that no such letter had been received by him from Gov Reeder on any subject whatever. He made this explanation that the forgery may be known to the public.

Mr. Phelps said that the letter to which the gentleman had just referred, was addressed to Mr. Grove, of Kansas, reporting to have been sent from this city by Gov. Reeder, and in which allusion is made to the Wyandotte fleet.

Mr. Grow replied that the object merely was to clear him self from any connection with the letter.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, gave notice that he should, next Monday, endeavor to take up the Report of the Select Committee on the Sumner assault.

On the 19th, Mr. Lindley defined his political position, and there being no quorum, the House adjourned.

On the 20th, the roll being called, 127 members answered to their names, and the House proceeded to the consideration of private bills.

Several private bills were partially considered, until it appeared there was no quorum present.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, said that as next week had been set apart for the consideration of territorial business, and as the report on the Sumner assault had not yet been printed, he should not, until Wednesday next, move to proceed to the consideration of the latter.

The House then adjourned.

On the 21st, Mr. Colfax spoke upon the subject of laws emanating from the Legislature of Kansas—branding them as a code of oppression, outrage and wrong, which would be disgraceful to the Legislature of any State, as they are to the Goths and Vandals who seek to tyrannize over the citizens of that Territory. He argues that some of these statutes were enacted in direct contravention to the organic law and Constitution of the United States, especially to those provisions relative to the freedom of speech and of the press.

Mr. Burlingame defended Massachusetts against general and specific charges, claiming that in all that constitutes true greatness she is the first state, and her present performances superior to her past recollections. He was sorry to find at the head of her assailants the President of the United States, who had deliberately perverted history to eulogize the South at the expense of the North, and become the chieftain of sectionalism. Massachusetts believed, with South Carolina, that the Fugitive Slave Law was unconstitutional.

Mr. Keitt asked Mr. Burlingame for his authority relative to South Carolina.

Mr. Burlingame cited the remarks of the Charleston Mercury, which spoke of the Fugitive Slave Law as an infringement of one of the most cherished principles of the Constitution. In conclusion, he referred to Mr. Sumner's speech, the purity and nobleness of its sentiments and the severity of its strictures against tyranny. Mr. Sumner never had a personal enemy. His character was as pure as the snow which falls upon his native hills, and his heart overflowing with kindness for every human being bearing the upright form of a man. He was an accomplished scholar and a chivalrous gentleman. A member of the House, who had taken the oath to support the Constitution, stole into the Senate and smote him as Cain smote his brother.

Mr. Keitt—It is false. [Sensation.]

Mr. Burlingame replied that he would not handy epithets, but he was responsible for his own language only, and doubtless the gentleman was responsible for his.

Mr. Keitt—I am.

Mr. Burlingame, after describing and severely condemning the assault, asked: "Call you that chivalry? To what code of honor did you get authority for that? If we are not to have freedom of speech, what is all this Government worth? If we are to be called to an account by some gallant nephew of some gallant uncle, for everything which does not suit their sensitive nerves, we want to know it. If the conflict is to be transferred from a peaceful, intellectual field, where honors are equal and easy, we desire to know it. The time may come when Massachusetts may withdraw her representatives to her own bosom, when safety is not to be found for them under the flag of their common country. But while those representatives are here, they will speak when and how they will, answering for the consequences. If they are pressed too long and too far, they will not shrink from a defence of the honor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the freedom of speech.

Mr. Keitt sought to obtain the floor, which was awarded to Mr. Carlisle, who declined to yield it.

Mr. Keitt gave notice that he should on Monday reply to some points in Mr. Burlingame's speech.

Mr. Burlingame was privately congratulated by his friends.

Mr. Carlisle condemned the Cincinnati resolutions, or, as he said, the filibustering platform. Mr. Fremont could not receive the electoral vote of any district, except that represented by Mr. Giddings. The contest was between Mr. Fillmore, the candidate of the National party, and Mr. Buchanan, who is supported by a faction.

Mr. Washburn, of Me., urged the necessity of a union of the opponents of the Administration, and those adverse to the extension of slavery in the Territories. He examined the platform of the Cincinnati Convention, in connection with the principles and antecedents of Mr. Buchanan, and with the doctrines of the Democratic party, concluding by saying it was an irresistible relief to emerge from this dark and fetid atmosphere, reeking with shame and wrong, into the clear light and healthful breezes of truth and liberty. He spoke of Mr. Fremont as the standard bearer of freedom in this contest; a strong and true man, whose aim it would be to maintain the principles of the Constitution, and bring back the Government to the policy of Washington and Jefferson.

Mr. Washburn triumphed in the faith, say, the undoubting conviction that the proceedings of the Republican Convention would be sustained by a large majority of the American people. The House then adjourned.

NEW SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL MOVEMENTS.—A number of gentlemen from the South held a meeting at Washington on the evening of June 20th, to take into consideration the formation of a commercial association—the Convention requiring the members to pledge themselves to give the preference in the bestowal of their business patronage to those at the North who respect the sacred rights guaranteed to the South by the Constitution and laws of the United States, and to withhold the same from Abolitionists, as enemies to the best interests of our common country; and, as far as practicable, the influence which a lucrative commerce always bestows.

It is proposed to establish a business office in New York before the commencement of the next fall trade, the agent to take such measures as will effect the design. The publication of a periodical is like wise contemplated, and circulars will soon be sent throughout the South, inviting the co-operation of planters and business men. The subject will also be brought before the Southern Commercial Convention, to be held in Savannah in December next.

This programme has been submitted to Northern as well as Southern members of Congress, for their consideration.

WEST POINT EXAMINATION.—The annual examination at this institution, closed on the 16th instant. The following are the names of the graduates, all of which are now entitled to the rank of Brevet Lieutenant in the Army:

Cyrus B. Comstock, Mass.	Geo. D. Ruggles, N. Y.
Godfrey Weitzel, Ohio.	Lewis Merrill, Pa.
Cornelius Van Camp, Pa.	Alfd. T. A. Torbert, Del.
Geo. H. Elliot, Mass.	Chas. W. Thomas, at large.
James B. Wheeler, N. C.	Jos. H. Hill, at large.
Ebenezer Gay, N. H.	Edward L. Hartz, Pa.
Saml. Breck, Jr., Mass.	Clarence B. Bennett, N. Y.
David McM. Gregg, Pa.	Wm. W. Averel, N. Y.
Fred. L. Childs, at large.	Tim. M. Bryne, Jr., Pa.
John W. D. Bois, N. Y.	Wm. B. Hazen, Ohio.
Michal P. Small, Pa.	Henry W. Freedley, Pa.
Francis H. T. Nichols, La.	Hon. M. Lacell, Mass.
Alex. S. Webb, N. Y.	Wm. R. Pease, N. Y.
John W. Turner, Ill.	Jesse K. Allen, Ill.
Francis A. Shoup, Ia.	Robt. C. Hill, N. C.
John R. Church, Ga.	Geo. McD. Dick, Pa.
Albert V. Colburn, Vt.	Franc. L. Vinton, at large
Jas. Wheeler, Jr., N. Y.	

THE KANSAS CONVENTION.—The Convention of Delegates from the Kansas Aid Societies of the North met at Cleveland on the 20th inst., at 10 o'clock, and offered a preliminary organization. The attendance was thin, in consequence of the recall by the Eastern Associations of their Delegates.

Delegates were present from New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio and Kansas. Other States were heard from, and their Delegates were on the way. New England was not represented.

The next day the Convention was organized with Gov. Reeder as President. An Executive Central Committee at Chicago was formed, to whom all funds are to be sent—and the formation of county and townships organizations recommended. The Convention adjourned to meet again at Buffalo, July 9.

After the adjournment, General Lane and the Delegates from Iowa and Illinois arrived. An informal meeting was held, and plans discussed, relative to the movements of four hundred emigrants now at Iowa City.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.			
Beef—Roast, Prime Cuts ₱ lb	15	a	20
Sirloin Steak ₱ lb	15	a	18½
Rump do ₱ lb	14	a	15
Corned Beef, Rump, ₱ lb	12½	a	13
Corned do do			
Beef Tongues each	50	a	75
Mutton ₱ lb	10	a	15
Lamb ₱ quarter	$1,25a2,00		
Do ₱ lb	12½	a	18
Veal ₱ qr ₱ lb	10	a	11
Do Cutlets ₱ lb	12½	a	16
Pork—Fresh ₱ lb	9	a	10
Salt ₱ lb	8	a	10
Hams ₱ lb	10	a	13
Young Pigs each (scarce)	$1,50a2,00		
Sausage ₱ lb	12½		
Lard ₱ lb	10	a	12½
Tripe ₱ lb	2		
POULTRY AND GAME.			
Spring Chickens ₱ pair	37½a$1,00		
Chickens ₱ pair old	$1,25a1,50		
Ducks, Tame, (scarce)	$1,25a1,50		
Squab Pigeons ₱ pair	31	a	37
Turkeys (scarce)	$1,75a2,50		
English Snipe ₱ pair (Scarce)	18	a	20
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Home Butter, prime, ₱ lb	25	a	27
Common do ₱ lb	15	a	20
Rolling do ₱ lb	15	a	16
Eggs ₱ doz	16	a	18
Strawberries ₱ quart	8	a	8
Peas.			
Catfish ₱ basket	6	a	12½
Fresh Salmon (scarce) ₱ lb			31½
Haddock ₱ lb	5	a	6

Fresh Codfish ₱ lb	4	a	6
Perch ₱ bunch	12½	a	25
Flounders ₱ lb	5	a	8
Roes ₱ bunch	10	a	12½
Salt Mackerel each	12½	a	18¾
Hinnkuhn ₱ lb		a	10
Terrapins ₱ doz	$1,50a2,00		
Green Turtle ₱ lb	12½	a	15
Snappers ₱ lb	5	a	6
Rockfish ₱ lb	10	a	12
Blowfish—Oysters ₱ thousand	$1,50a2,00		
Clams ₱ thous	$2,00a3,00		
Lobsters ₱ lb	8	a	10
Crabs, Hard, ₱ doz	25	a	38
Soft Crabs	1,25a1,37		
VEGETABLES.			
Green Peas ₱ basket	31a50		
Green Corn ₱ doz	7½		
Potatoes, white ₱ bus	85	a	90
Sweet ₱ bus	$1,00a1,18		
Turnips ₱ basket	31	a	37
Celery ₱ bunch	6		
Parsnips ₱ basket	18	a	25
Salad, very fine, each	2	a	3
Young onions ₱ bunch	1		
Spinach ₱ quart	6	a	12
Lima Beans ₱ qt	12½	a	18
Carrots ₱ bunch	3	a	6
Beets ₱ bunch	10	a	12½
Oyster Plants ₱ bunch	5	a	12½
Cabbage ₱ head	2	a	4
Tomatoes ₱ bus.	$1,00a2		
Hominy			
Pruit—Apples, prime, ₱ bbl	$3,00a4,50		
Cranberries do do	$14,00a18,00		
Strawberries, ₱ quart	15	a	25
Rhubarb ₱ bunch	5	a	10
Gooseberries ₱ qt	6	a	8
Currants ₱ quart	5	a	12½
Cherries	6	a	12
Green Apples ₱ bus	75a1,00		

There is no change in the price of Meats and Poultry; the supply, however, is better of the latter. Fish continue plenty. Butter is bringing previous rates. Fruits and Vegetables are more abundant, and rather lower.

POLITICAL NEWS.

FROM WASHINGTON.—The Grand Jury will, next week, make inquisition into the killing of Thomas Keating, by Mr. Herbert, of California, and the assault upon Mr. Sumner by Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina.

COL. BENTON ACCEPTS THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.—The following announcement, addressed to the "Citizens of Missouri," appears in the Cincinnati papers:

To the Citizens of Missouri.—I have come to the determination, at this place, to accept the Democratic nomination for the office of Governor of our State, induced to it by no paltry calculation of the chances of an election, but wholly and entirely upon considerations of public good. The nomination of Mr. Buchanan for the Presidency determines my course in relation to the Governorship. I consider him the safest chance for preserving the peace of the country, now greatly endangered both at home and abroad, and believing him to be the best chance for peace, I hold it to be the duty of those who are in favor of that object to assist in his election; and for one, I shall do so—in a public capacity, if you invest me with one, and as a private citizen of Missouri, if not, I proceed to the State immediately, first landing at Cape Girardeau, and then proceeding to other parts of the country. Your fellow-citizen,

THOMAS H. BENTON.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Saturday June 7, 1856.

WHAT IS COMING?—We clip the following from the columns of the Louisville Journal, Mr. Clay's old organ:—

"So far as Mr. Buchanan's conduct towards Henry Clay is concerned, his record is a most accursed one. As soon as we can lay our hands upon the document we want, we shall make this abundantly manifest. Henry Clay is dead; but he did not die without leaving, in his own hand-writing, the most damning testimony against James Buchanan. In mercy he spared Mr. B. for nearly a quarter of a century; but near the close of his illustrious life, he deemed an exposition of Mr. Buchanan's conduct in the Congressional election of 1825 due to his own name with posterity—and he made it."

THE FILLMORE CLUB GONE OVER.—The Fillmore National American Club, at a meeting held at New York, on the evening of June 21st, resolved unanimously to join the Republican cause.

THE OLD LINE WHIGS.—There was a large meeting of the Old Line Whigs at Wassington, on the evening of the 21st inst., to consult as to what course to pursue with reference to the Presidential election. Ex-Mayor Seaton, of the National Intelligencer, presided. A member of the American party was proposed as Secretary, which occasioned the greatest possible confusion, and showing that organization to be largely in the ascendant, and with but a limited number of those Whigs present who had stood aloof from all parties. The Chairman pointedly rebuked the disorder.

Senator Jones, of Tenn., took the stand, avowing himself a Clay and Webster Whig, and declaring that the Whigs have the balance of power, and should consult together, and so vote as best to subserve the interests of the country, observing a distinct organization, and acting as allies with that party which they may agree to support. The speaker was frequently applauded.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, was enthusiastically called for, but had not proceeded far in laudation of Mr. Clay, when, in response to a question, he said he belonged to the Know Nothing party, which elicited cheers from the majority, and hisses from others.

He finally left the stand to afford an opportunity to the committee to report resolutions, recommending that the Convention proposed by the Whigs of Kentucky be postponed till the last Wednesday in July, and that all sections send delegates to deliberate as to the proper course in the present crisis.

The resolutions were adopted, and the meeting declared adjourned, when Mr. Campbell again, in response to the Know Nothings, took the stand and commenced speaking.

The gas was at this stage of the proceedings turned off. Great confusion ensued, amid which the assembly separated.

OHIO.—A large and very enthusiastic meeting of Germans in favor of the Republican nominees, was held in Cincinnati on Saturday night last. Speeches were made by Judge Stallo, Charles Remelin, F. Hanserch, and other prominent Germans. The principal German papers in that city have hoisted the the name of Fremont.

AFFAIRS AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald writes, under date of the 21st:

General Persifer Smith arrived last evening, having been sent for by the President. He had an interview with the President to-day. Orders have been issued, and he will proceed as early as possible to Kansas, to take charge of the United States forces there. His orders are imperative; in fact, he is clothed with full power to put down all insurrection, come from what quarter it may.

Private letters received here by the America's mails from England, state that very little excitement was produced there because of the recognition by the United States of Nicaragua, or the dismissal of Crampton. They also state that our Minister will not receive his passports, and that there is no danger of a rupture between the two governments. This is corroborated by despatches received at the State Department, which, I am informed this evening, has greatly relieved the old Premier.

The despatch concerning a Southern meeting to organize a "Commercial Association," is calculated to create an erroneous impression. There has been no meeting of Southerners on the subject. A Mr. White, a Northern gentleman, who is here, has been pressing some project of the kind on a few members of Congress, but no action whatever has been taken in regard to it. This I know to be true.

The speech of Mr. Burlingame to day, in the House, is the signal given for excitement. It was very severe upon South Carolina and Col. Brooks, but strictly parliamentary. Mr. Burlingame, I understand, is a fighting man, and engaged the services of a second before leaving home.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 109 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing steady:

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct	105	106
" "	102	102½
" "	101	101½
" "	103	103½
" 5 "	103	103½
Int'st		
Phila 6 per ct	98	99
" " new	94½	95
" 5 "	78½	81
Com City 6 per ct	99	—
Pitts 6 per ct	74	76½
" " coupon	75	77
All'ny city 6 per ct	—	76½
" county	71	73
Alle on P R R's	93	95
Penn 5 per ct '72	100	101
" 5 "	83½	83½
" " coupon	82	83
Penn 6 per ct	94	94½
" 5 "	—	78
" " coupon	76	80
Kentucky 6 per ct	104	104½
Illinois 6 per ct	101½	—
St Louis 6 per ct	—	99
Texas Reg Notes	72	—
" Bonds	100	—
Penn RR 6 per ct	98	99½
Sch nt'l loan '63	84	85
C. & A. RR 6 per ct	95	95½
Illin Mex RR "	101	—
P G & N RR "	93½	—
Reading RR "	84	84½
" Mort "	91	92
H & Lan RR "	93	94
P & S RR 7 "	75	79
Cha Val RR "	84	85
Texas RR "	84½	86
Phil Wil & Bal "	—	—
'60 RR 6 per ct	81	82
Long I RR "	75½	94
South Nav '72 "	75½	76½
Lehigh Nav "	94	96
Mort "	96	97
C & D Ct "	87	92
Sus & Tid '72 "	89	89½
RAILROAD STOCKS.		
Cam & Amboy	131	132
Penna "	47	47½
Hes Meadow	53	55½
North Penna	17	17½

Phil Ger & Nor	37	37½
Reading "	45½	46½
" preferred	64	64½
Minehill "	64	64½
Har & Lan "	53	54
Phil & Sun "	37½	—
Chester Valley "	5	5
Tpke "	10	—
" preferred	20	—
P W & Balt "	20	22
Pun & Erie "	—	—
Long Island "	19½	19½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Schuyl Nav "	20½	20½
" preferred	30½	30½
Lehigh Nav "	74	74½
Morris "	141	142
" preferred	101½	102
C & Del "	—	100
Union "	9½	9½
Sus & Tidewater "	11½	12
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	102	107
Penna "	113	113½
Philada "	139	140
Far & Mec "	64	68
Commercial "	52½	53½
N Liberty "	60	66
Mechanics "	28	28½
Southwark "	30	—
N Township "	40	41½
Kensington "	69	70
Guard "	11½	11½
Western "	70	71
Man & Mech "	88	92
Tradesmen's "	—	—
City "	99½	65
Consolidation "	93½	95½
United States "	—	14
Pittsburg "	88	—
Mech Bk Pitts "	40	60
Exchange "	70	80
Fay'te Pitts "	50	—
Kentucky "	111	112½
Northern, Ky "	126	127½
Louisville, Ky "	115	118
Farmers, Ky "	109	112½
Frankf'rt, Penn "	90	93
Plant's, Penn "	90	99
Com & R Vicks "	9	94
N Orleans "	121½	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 28 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, June 24, 1856.

PENNSYLVANIA.		VIRGINIA.	
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis	Solvent bks	½ dis
Relief notes	½ dis	Bk of Kanawha	10 dis
NEW JERSEY.		Trans Alleghany	3 dis
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis	Corp'n Alexandria	½ dis
Morris bk Ir'Ogtog	10 dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	10 dis	Solvent bks	½ dis
DELAWARE.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent bks	½ dis
Under 5's	½ dis	New bks	2 to 5 dis
MARYLAND.		Bk of Milledgeville	no sale
Solvent banks	par to ½ dis	Atlanta	5 dis
Far & Mec bk, Kent Co	30 dis	ALABAMA.	
DIS OF COLUMBIA.		Bk of Mobile	2½ dis
Exchange bk	2½ dis	Other solvent bks	5 dis
Solvent bks	5 dis	MISSISSIPPI.	
NEW YORK.		All bks	uncertain
Solvent banks	par to ½ dis	LOUISIANA.	
Bk Commerce	½ dis	Solvent bks	1½ dis
Knickerbocker bk	1½ dis	OHIO.	
Jamaica bk	25 dis	Solvent bks	½ dis
Far bk, Onondaga	25 dis	Bk of Circleville	25 dis
Mer & Mec bk, Oswego	20 dis	Canal Bk Cleveland	5 dis
Ex'ge bk, Buffalo	30 dis	City Bk Columbus	0 dis
Empire City bk	1½ dis	KENTUCKY.	
Central bk	1½ dis	Solvent bks	1 dis
MAINE.		State Bk	1 dis
Solvent bks	½ dis	Free bks	5 to 80 dis
Bk of Hallowell	2 dis	ILLINOIS.	
Calais bk	10 dis	Solvent bks	1 dis
Ellsworth bk	10 dis	Quincy City bk	10 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Railroad Bk, Ingalsbe, Shaw & Co	5 dis
Solvent bks	½ dis	MISSOURI.	
VERMONT.		Solvent bks	1 dis
Solvent bks	½ dis	TENNESSEE.	
South Reading bk	2 dis	Solvent bks	2 dis
CONNECTICUT.		Small notes	2½ dis
Solvent bks	1 dis	MICHIGAN.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Solvent bks	2 dis
Solvent bks	½ dis	ARKANSAS.	
Grocer's bk Boston	½ dis	All bks	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent bks	½ dis	Solvent bks	2 dis
CANADA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent bks	2 dis	Com & Agricultural bk, Galveston	20 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solvent bks	1½ dis		
Small notes	3 dis		

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

At market 557 Cattle—500 Beeves, 57 Stores, 1,650 Sheep and Lambs, and 3,300 Swine.

The following were the prices:—

Market Beef—Extra $8,75; first quality $8,25; second quality $8; third quality $7,50; inferior grades, 6,75 for oxen.

Working Oxen—$150, $160, $165, $175.

Milch Cows—$37, 39, 42, 45.

Veal Calves—$4,50, 5, 6a7.

Yearlings—None.

Two Years Old—None.

Three Years Old—$30, 40a41.

Hides 7c. Calf skins 12½a13c ₱ lb.

Tallow 8c; rough 7c ₱ lb.

Sheep and Lambs—By lot, $3,75a5,00; extra and selections, $6 to $6,25 ₱ head.

Swine—Wholesale, sows 7c, barrows 8c, retail sales; fat hogs, undressed, none.

REMARKS.—Market heavy in consequence of the great number of Western Cattle in last week. Butchers supplied themselves for a fortnight ahead.

NUMBER OF STOCK CARS

Over the different Railroads in the vicinity of the market—

Western	196
Fitchburg	43
Boston and Lowell	76
Boston and Maine	28
Total	272

INTERESTING FROM MEXICO.—The New Orleans Delta, of the 12th inst., has news from Mexico to the 8th inst.:

The new Spanish Minister near the Government arrived on the 26th of May, and proceeded to Mexico. A fleet of armed Spanish ships has arrived, probably to blockade the port of Vera Cruz, if Mexico does not come to terms with the Spanish Minister. It is composed as follows: Steam-frigate Isabella II., steam-frigate Ulloa, sloop Cortez, and five others are expected to join them. Great excitement and consternation prevail. "War with Spain! Death to all Spaniards!" is the cry. The new Minister, backed by the fleet aforesaid, was in the city of Mexico on the 5th inst.

The *Extraordinary* newspaper of the 31st ultimo, thinks that hostilities will not ensue; it says Mexico is not so disposed, and that Spain cannot afford to indulge in the expensive amusement just now; and it adds: "The first gun fired from a Spanish frigate, would be the first announcing the *loss of Cuba*."

Congress was in session, busily engaged in trying to patch up a permanent Constitution, in pursuance of the plan by Ayutla, but making very slow progress. The influence of Comonfort is said to prevail with it; but there were rumors of insurrectionary tendencies, and brewings of revolution in the capital, and Comonfort had retired, it is stated, with six thousand soldiers, from the National Palace, to the villa of Tacubaya—how long to remain may depend upon contingencies.

Difficulties were yet to exist with England about the English Convention debt, the payment of the interest on the London loan, and about the breach of contract for the mints in Guanajuato and Zacatecas, leased to an English company. The opposition papers represent these questions as very serious affairs.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
June 27th, 1856.

The market generally has been dull during the past week and without any material variation to note under the advices from abroad by the American and Atlantic, there has been some little movements in dry Goods, and a few Southern and Western buyers have been taking hold quite freely for their early fall sales the demand has been chiefly for plain bleached and for Cottons and Prints, all of which brought steady prices. In Woolens there is very little doing as yet, and quotations are unchanged and firm. Boots and Shoes also, however, quiet, but prices are fully sustained. Flour is rather lower, but Wheat, Rye and Corn are bringing full prices. The demand is only for prime lots, which are scarce. Quercitron Bark is also inquired for. The Cotton market closes rather dull under the advices from abroad, but without any material variation to note in prices. Iron and Coal remain inactive, the scarcity of vessels limiting the demand for the latter article. Groceries continue buoyant with receipts and sales of Sugars at improved rates; Molasses and Coffee are also better, while the rest of the former articles is very light. Salted Provisions are in good demand, and with light receipts and sales prices have an upward tendency. Lard and Butter are also rather better. Hides remain dull. Naval Stores and Oils are unchanged, but very quiet. Rags in firm. Seeds little or nothing doing. Wool is also at a stagnancy, with moderate receipts and sales of the new crop, which is likely to remain so until the harvest is over. In other articles there are no changes of any moment to note since the close of last week.

ASHES.—Pots and Pearls are selling in small lots at full prices. Sales are light.

BARK.—There is more offering, and the demand for Quercitron has been active, owing to the high rates of freight now current. About 250 tons, however, have been disposed of during the week at $35 for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is in moderate request, with fair sales of Spanish at $14,50a15,50, and Chestnut Oak at $11a12 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX.—Is held above the views of buyers, with a small business to notice at 27c ₱ lb.

COAL.—Orders come in slowly, and the demand is only moderate for the season, without change in quotations. Of Bituminous Coal the receipts and sales continue limited, and sales of Allegheny are making at 20c ₱ bush.

The Anthracite Coal trade this week reaches the unprecedented amount of 143,749 tons. The following are the receipts in this city from the Lehigh and Schuylkill regions:

	This Week.	Seasons.
Lehigh Canal	43,540	226,300
Schuylkill Canal	41,185	220,348
Reading Railroad	53,044	949,274
Total	143,749	1,613,681
Last week	130,341	1,470,732

On each of the three great works, we believe that the receipts are larger than they have ever been before in any single week. The deficiency now on

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The steamer Atlantic arrived at New York on the 22nd inst.

She brings about 80 passengers, amongst whom is Mr. Fillmore. Salutes in honor of his arrival were fired from the Collins Dock, and also from the Battery. The Atlantic left Liverpool at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 11th.

The Asia arrived out on the morning of the 6th inst.

The steamship Alma started a second time from Havre for New York on the 11th, but her machinery became again disarranged, and she put back again into Southampton.

The English public were still without any official notice of Mr. Crampton's dismissal, though it was regarded as a fixed fact, from the positive but unofficial statements taken out by the Asia. These, however, had created but little excitement.

The London papers have all editorials upon the subject, and they generally argue that as the case is a personal one, there is no necessity for sending Mr. Dallas away in retaliation.

WILL MR. DALLAS BE DISMISSED?—The London Times of the 6th instant says: "*Those who endeavor to persuade themselves that we shall learn the dismissal of Mr. Crampton without enforcing the retirement of Mr. Dallas, are calculating upon an amount of endurance totally inconsistent with the character of Englishmen.* Did we believe that Mr. Crampton had really been guilty of any offence against the United States, there would need little pressure or remonstrance to induce us at once to remove him from the situation he would have dishonored: but, if an attempt be made to sacrifice him to the emergencies of local politics, *we shall feel that his quarrel is our own, and certainly not pass it over without distinctly marking our sense of the indignity.*"

The Times goes on to say: "We hardly hope for so much, but we do expect that the change of feeling obviously taking place in the United States, and the conviction which is forcing itself upon men's minds, in spite of every effort to exclude it, that it is not from England the storm can arise, will tell upon the coming elections, and provide us with a government which, at any rate for the next four years, may allow the two nations to apply themselves to the peaceful pursuits of commerce and industry, without being perpetually aroused from their dream of tranquility by the wrangling of diplomatists or the preparation for suicidal warfare. We may, and probably shall escape the present danger; but it is presuming too much on our good fortune to suppose that we can be forever on the brink of war and yet preserve a firm and durable peace. The risk may be often run and often escaped; but, if the American people will persist in placing the best interests of their country in the hands of men who treat great affairs with such inconceivable levity—if they will listen to those who are forever telling them that they have a 'manifest destiny' to oppress their weaker neighbors, and take from them by conquest those territories which it is so much easier and more honorable to develope by internal energy—the day must come when they will be confronted by communities as vigorous as their own, and find, when it is too late, how much it is to grow by the arts of peace than the doubtful and dangerous appliances of aggression."

The Times of the 7th, in continuation, remarks:

"Could the politicians of the Union be canvassed, we fear we should find a determination to press things to an extremity with this country and to get every possible advantage out of our loss or disgrace. With this sentiment we can have no sympathy. It is simply inhuman and selfish. But what are we to say to those wealthy and exclusive classes which keep aloof, as we are told, from all political questions and struggles, which leave office in vulgar hands, and sell the policy and honor of their country for peace, not to it, but to themselves? It is from these rich, worthy, good, sentimental people, that there comes the under-current of worthless sympathy we have mentioned above. These are the respectable people who, if we met them, would give us so much better an opinion of America than we now have. These are the men whom Col. Hamilton and Mrs. Trollope, and Charles Dickens, and a score of other writers, never saw; and who are not to be confounded with stump orators, members of the United States' Cabinet, and drinkers of gin-sling. How earnest must be their generosity to the old country! What good have they done us? We will frankly say that we could wish they were kinder towards their own fellow-citizens. We have no right to demand their sympathy for us, but may expect them to be patriotic among themselves. Why do these people go on conniving at a state of affairs which brings a low class of adventurers perpetually to the helm of the State? Why do they allow a few needy men to sell for a short tenure of power and salary the obligations of a great empire? It is they who are dangerous classes on that side of the Atlantic, though, indeed, no class is really so dangerous as that which keeps aloof from office and leaves power to be the prize of a scramble, and then sends its barren sympathy to those who suffer by its own dereliction of duty. It matters little to us on the brink of war, and already insulted and defied, that there are people in the States who feel more with us than with their own Government. Of course, we shall have to assert to our own honor. We shall have to defend those whom we stand obliged to protect; and, if the United States dismiss our Minister, we can no longer tolerate the presence of Mr. Dallas. How much further matters will go no man can tell, nor is it a matter for our speculation. But if there are, as we believe, these respectable classes in the United States—if they have a sense of justice and honor—if the feeling which makes them despise office themselves should have any foundation in patriotism, now is the time for them to come forward and avert from two worlds the horrors of war. Should any disaster happen to their country, they will be the first and principal sufferers, and will have merited all they have to suffer."

The London Morning Post of the 6th inst. says, Mr. Dallas, during his short stay in this country, has omitted no opportunity of expressing the most cordial and friendly feelings towards England, and his departure would be regarded by the English people with equal regret, not only as the unfortunate termination of a most fruitless and unavailing mission, but on account of the respect which his courtesy and merits have so large y and so deservedly inspired. The English people, having no desire to engage in a contest with the United States, would, we believe, if such a course were possible, be quite content still to permit the residence amongst them of the representative of the United States. Mr. Pierce, whose tenure of office will in a few months expire, may naturally desire to bring matters to an immediate climax. If the British Government should adopt the dignified course to which we have adverted, not only the people of the United States, but the inhabitants of the civilized world, would see that England—although never better prepared for war than at present—is careful to abstain from any step which may abet the interests of Mr. Pierce.

The London Daily News wonders that aggressive America should cite the British annexation of India as a palliation of her own propensities, India being an entirely exceptional case.

The London Morning Chronicle thinks it cowardly to make a scape-goat of Mr. Crampton.

The London Star, the organ of the Manchester party, thinks it perfectly absurd to go to war to avenge the dignity of Mr. Crampton, and ridicules the idea.

The general news is without any event of importance.

An attempt is reported to have been made on the life of the Queen of Spain. A young man presented a pistol at her, but was immediately disarmed.

Kansas affairs are exciting notice in England, without being generally understood. It was argued that they would divert attention from a foreign war.

The Parliamentary proceedings have been generally unimportant.

The bill altering the oath administered to members of Parliament, so that Jews can be qualified, has been passed by the House of Commons.

The French papers continue to be filled with accounts of the damage occasioned by the recent floods.

A new Portuguese Ministry has been formed, with the Marquis Soule as President.

It is estimated that the inundations in France have rendered 10,000 people houseless, and 100,000 to own out of employment. Notwithstanding the floods, it is hoped, however, that the corn crop will not be much below the average.

It is reported in Berlin, that Prussia and Sardinia have both demanded to be admitted into the commission reorganizing the Danubian Principalities, and the demand has been acceded to.

It is stated that the Austrian Government has resolved to erect the Lombardy Venetian provinces into the kingdom of Upper Italy.

France and Austria have both sent urgent notes to the Neapolitan government. France hints at intervention should outbreaks occur in Naples or Sicily.

Mazzini announces his intention of withdrawing from politics, and emigrating to the United States.

Count Cavour is about to make another journey to Paris.

The position of affairs in Italy is considered highly critical.

Arabia is still in a state of insurrection, refusing any longer to recognize the rule of the Sultan.

More Turkish outrages against the Christians are reported.

The Russian Commissioner, to settle affairs in the Principalities, has been instructed to retire from the commission if Moklir Pasha, formerly Prince Stundza, should be admitted to take part in the deliberation of the commission.

Letters from the Crimea to May 21st, mention that 70,000 masons are to be employed in re-building Sebastopol, after the departure of the Allies. The English army continues healthy.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—LIVERPOOL, June 11.—The Cotton market is easier, but not quickly lower. The sales for three days have been 12,000 bales, including 500 bales to speculators and 1,000 to exporters. The market closed dull. N. O. Middling, 6 3-16, Mobile Middling, 6 1-16, Upland Middling, 6 1-16.

Breadstuffs are a shade higher, but transactions are moderate.

Wheat has advanced 2d. Sales of White Wheat at 10s 6da 11s; Red, 9s 3d@10s 4d.

Flour has advanced 6d@1s. Western Canal 30s@34s. Philadelphia Flour, 34s 6d@35s 6d. Straight Baltimore and good Ohio, 35s 6d@37s 6d.

Corn has advanced 1s@1s 6d. Sales of Southern White 29s 6d. Northern Prime White, 30s 6d, Yellow and Mixed, 29s.

The weather has been favorable for agricultural purposes.

Provisions—The market for Beef is dull, with moderate business at previous rates.

Pork also dull, and the market unchanged.

The market for Bacon is active, at previous rates.

Lard is scarce and prices are higher. Sales at 58s. Tallow quiet. North American 47s 6d@48s.

Pot ashes 32s 6d; new, 37s 6d.

Common Rosin unchanged, with active business.

Nothing doing in Oils.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, June 10.—The market for Consols was heavy to-day at 91@91¼.

THE LATEST.—LIVERPOOL, June 11, 2 o'clock P. M.—Lard is still higher. Sales at auction to-day at 61s. The market is bare.

Otherwise provisions are unchanged, but firm.

Consols for money on short account, are quoted at 91¼@91¾.

APPREHENDED TROUBLE AT WASHINGTON.—A member of the National House of Representatives writes from Washington to the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer a long letter, that he and his fellow Representatives of the North apprehend serious danger when the discussion comes upon the resolution to expel Brooks. He says:

Our friend ——— said some ten days since, to several of us who were discussing this question, what I consider so rational in itself, that I desire to have it published as a justification of what we may feel it incumbent upon us to do. I may safely say this much to Northern editors, who know of what stuff the North is made; and who do not believe that we are all *cowards* because we live north of Mason & Dixon's line. Our fathers proved themselves men in the days of the Revolution; and the South may yet learn to their sorrow, that there is a "chivalry at the North," even if its emblem be not a bludgeon or a bowie knife; and its fruits ruthlessly assaults upon the weak and unarmed.

You imagine all to be quiet here; but we know that we are sleeping on a volcano, which is certain to be in a state of active eruption on the day we discuss the report and resolution expelling Brooks. Of course this is now matter of conversation; and brave men are preparing for the struggle. A few days since, Mr. Brenton, of Indiana, a lame gentleman, who is dependent upon *crutches* for his locomotion, read to a Southern member, a friend, what he intended to say in the debate on the resolution of expulsion. The Southern member listened courteously; and when Mr. Brenton had finished, he said: "You must not, under any circumstances, make that speech. You will not be *permitted* to make it; and it is my duty to tell you that WE have *gravely determined not to* ALLOW *any of you to pursue such a course.* WE WILL NOT PERMIT IT." Mr. Brenton reported what was said, to our friends in this vicinity; and the consequence was, that from that moment every man who can make himself understood, determined to speak fully, freely and in plain language just what he thinks of the Brooks outrage, be the consequences what they may.

This matter was under discussion when, being appealed to, ——— said that a general affray in the House, if it should come, must be looked upon and met precisely as if we were on a battle field, and our opponents an invading foe; and that duty to God and man alike require it.

NEW CONSTITUTION FOR MEXICO.—President Comonfort, of Mexico, has published a new Constitution for that constantly changing Republic. It designates the inhabitants of the Republic; defines who are Mexicans and who are citizens; proclaims the guarantee of the nation for the liberty, security, property, and equality of the inhabitants; prescribes the elements in which these four rights shall consist, and the extent to which they may be enjoyed, and establishes an absolute dictatorship in the hands of the President-General; makes all the powers of the Governors of the several States dependent upon and subordinate to him, and gives him the power of naming those who are to discharge all the functions of Government, whether ministerial or judicial.

THE STARS WITHOUT THE STRIPES.—Capt. Watson G. Haynes, died at La Virgin, Nicaragua, on May 29th, of yellow fever. Mr. Haynes was known in this city by his services in procuring the abolition of flogging in the Navy. He had served in United States men-of-war, and his statements and appeals in that behalf carried great weight with the public; and, with the co-operation of humane persons, both officials and others, his labors finally resulted in the desired reform.

DIED FROM GRIEF.—The Hagerstown Torch Light published, a few weeks ago, an account of the loss and starvation of two children in Union township, Bedford county, Penna. Since then the mother of these children has followed them to the spirit land, having died from excessive grief, and the father is lying in a very critical condition.

THE LATE SHARON TURNER, author of the "History of the Anglo-Saxons," and "Sacred History of the World," is said to have been so parsimonious as to deny himself many of the comforts of life, though scrupulously neat and exact in the article of his apparel. In our time, he might have united economy with elegance, by procuring his clothing from the "brilliant" store of Granville Stokes, No. 309 Chestnut Sts.

THE TWO F'S, THE TWO B'S, AND THE TWO D'S.—There is a curious alliteration in the names of the prominent candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency. Fremont and Fillmore, Buchanan and Breckenridge, and Donelson and Dayton, form a strange combination of initials, but a sensible, practicable combination is furnished by the association of Rand & W. As for instance, Rockhill & Wilson, manufacturers of elegant Clothing, Brown Stone Clothing Hall, Nos. 603 and 607 Chestnut street.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday, the 10th instant, by the Rev. Thos. Brainard, HERMAN C. GROSS, to ANTOINETTE, daughter of the late Louis Geisse, Esq.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. ALBERT NAIL, to Miss SARAH A. BOWEN, both of Montgomery county.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Professor W. W. BATHGATE, to Mrs. M. A. BROWN, of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, D. D., Mr. JOHN M. THOMPSON, to Miss MARY M. CONNELL, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Conley, Mr. HORACE SHIRLEY, of Fall River, Mass. to MARY F. GRICE, of Philadelphia.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. JOSEPH S. HEISTAND, of New Jersey, to Miss JANE M. BACON, of West Philadelphia.

On the 9th instant, by the same, Mr. ALBERT D. CALES, to Miss MARGARET A. ASH, all of West Philadelphia.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. C. Cooke, D. D., ISAAC WARE, to ELIZA H. GLOVER, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. William Ramsey, D. D., Mr. JOHN K. MOFFITT, to GRACE PARSONS, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. William Barnes, Mr. ISAAC KILLIAN, to Miss SARAH C. VERMEER, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 25th of April, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. SAMUEL MCFADDEN, to Miss HANNAH A. WRIGHT, of Roxborough.

On the 15th instant, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. R. H. THURMAN, to Miss SARAH J. MCCONNELL, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. THOMAS MCKEAON, of New Brunswick, to Miss MARY A. LITTLE, of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. J. B. Ayars, WILLIAM MILLER, to ELIZABETH W. TAYLOR, both of this city.

At St. Paul, Minnesota, on the 5th instant, by N. Gibb, Justice of the Peace, ENNEST HEYD, of Carver county, Minnesota, to MARTHA S. daughter of the late Barclay Ivins, of Penn's Manor, Bucks county, Pa.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Samuel M. Gayley, Dr. JAMES F. HAYLEY, to ANNIE, daughter of the late S. Morrow, of Philadelphia.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. John Fort, Mr. ALLAN HOFFMAN, to Miss PRISCILLA COOPER, both of Gloucester City, N. J.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Stanton, Mr. JOHN UPRICHARD, of New York, to Miss MARGARET C. DOUMESTE, of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. C. R. Demme, Mr. B. F. EICHARDT, to Miss E. C. BATTIG, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. James T. Ward, Mr. REUBEN CAMPBELL, to Miss ANNA PEART, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. L. H. Christian, Mr. JAS. H. NEILSON, Esq. of Dover, N. J. to MARY L. daughter of E. S. Warne, Esq. of Philadelphia.

At Carmel, on the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo Hupeden, Mr. CHARLES H. BUSHEE, of Philadelphia, to Miss JEANNETTE BUCHNAN, of Carmel.

At the Franklin House, on the 18th instant, in presence of Major VAUX, by their own ceremony, Dr. J. NEWTON EVANS, of Johnsville, Bucks county, to ELIZABETH PAUL, daughter of Ann County, Esq. of Moreland, Montgomery county, Pa.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Sewickly Bottom, Allegheny county, Pa. on the 6th of June, after a lingering illness, MARY DENNIS, wife of John Dennis, formerly of Philadelphia, in her 73d year.

On the 17th instant, Mr. ANDW PALMER, aged 65 years.

On the 17th instant, PIERRE HARRISON, aged 68 years.

On the 17th instant, MARGARET, daughter of John and Margaret Hart, aged 3 years and 5 months.

On the 17th instant, MARY, daughter of Michael and Fanny Cahill, aged 5 years.

On the 16th instant, MARGARET, wife of Nathaniel Sneyd, aged 31 years.

On the 18th instant, SAMUEL, son of Samuel and Annis Heppard, aged 10 years.

On the 17th instant, Rev. JOHN HENRY, of the Philadelphia Conference, aged 68 years.

On the 18th instant, JAMES, son of Michael and Bridget Gallagher, aged 7 years.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. MARY ANN, wife of Leopold Meignen, aged 58 years.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. HARRIET D. wife of B. N. Goines, aged 33 years.

On the 16th instant, Mr. THEODORE W. EVERARD, aged 37.

On the 17th instant, NICHOLAS SCHAEFFER, aged 76 years.

On the 17th instant, WILLIAM H. STAFFORD, aged 5 years and 4 months.

On the 17th instant, HARRY W. son of Andrew and the late Mary J. Wright, aged 4 years and 2 months.

On the 16th instant, Miss HARRIET MATILDA, daughter of the late John H. Lewis, aged 19 years.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM DRYDALE, aged 54 years.

On the 16th instant, REBECCA, daughter of Geo. and Mary Benson, aged 2 years and 4 months.

On the 15th instant, in Chester Township, Del. county, Mrs. MARY ROBINSON, aged 55 years.

On the 11th instant, Miss LEAH WISE, aged 38 years.

On the 18th instant, CONRAD WISE, aged 21 years.

On the 17th instant, H. M. BOYD, aged 40 years.

On the 16th instant, MARY daughter of John and Sarah Coyle, aged 2 years.

On the 16th instant, ANNA SOPHIA, daughter of Wm. and Henrietta Shields, aged 2 years and 4 months.

On the 18th instant, JOHN HOWARD, aged 61 years.

On the 15th instant, SAMUEL WHITE, aged 53 years.

On the 15th instant, ELIZABETH, widow of the late John M. Ray, aged 35 years.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM P. HOSEFELDER, aged 7 years and 7 months.

On the 14th instant, Mr. JOSEPH BUHR, aged 74 years.

On the 14th instant, ABRAM COHEN, aged 53 years.

On the 13th instant, EMMA JULIA, daughter of Joseph and Mary A. Stebbig, aged 6 years and 3 months.

On the 14th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of John Blandin, aged 46 years.

On the 14th instant, MARIA LOUISA, daughter of C. H. and Emeline Magary, aged 4 years.

On the 14th instant, MARGARET DOUGHERTY, aged 14 years.

On the 15th instant, MICHAEL NOLAN, aged 68 years.

On the 13th instant, MARGARET MCDONNELL, aged 23 years.

On the 14th instant, Mr. JUDSON FALCON, aged 26 years.

On the 14th instant, at Honesdale, Mr. HUGH DICKSON, aged 84 years.

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From the Editorial Columns of the Philadelphia Public Ledger of June 19th.

THE DUODECIMO DICKENS.—T. B. Peterson, the well known and enterprising publisher, has just issued Pickwick Papers, being the first two volumes of an entirely new and complete duodecimo edition of the works of Charles Dickens. It is an edition which is creditable to him as a publisher, and while good works of fiction are popular, will command a large sale. The volumes are elegantly printed on stout, white paper, and are illustrated with forty-eight engravings from new steel plates. The volumes, besides being of handsome appearance, are of convenient size, and printed with good, large, readable type. It will be a complete and elegant edition, and afforded at a price so moderate, that every reader may have a set of Dickens upon the shelves of his library. A publisher deserves a great deal of credit who issues such a set of good works in so handsome a style, so convenient in form, and at so cheap a price.

(*Read an editorial notice from the Ladies' National Magazine for August.*)

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(*From the Evening Bulletin of June 19th.*)

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From the Evening Journal of June 19th.

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GOOD HEALTH is our GREAT WANT.—We can obtain it only by a knowledge of the Laws of Life and the Causes of Disease. All subjects connected with Diet, Exercise, Bathing, Cleanliness, Ventilation, Dwellings, Clothing, Occupation, etc., are clearly presented in the WATER-CURE JOURNAL. Hydropathy is fully explained and applied to all known diseases. Water-Cure is not equalled by any other mode of treatment in those complaints peculiar to Women. Particular directions are given for the treatment of

Wit and Humor.

THE CONCORD OF SWEET SOUNDS.

We find the following decidedly good story in the Paris correspondence of the New York Express. It will be appreciated by musical gentlemen with weak nerves:

The sleeping apartments of two gentlemen belonging to different grades of the upper classes, joined each other. M. de V—— passed his nights in amusing himself at his club, and came home to go to bed at 5 o'clock in the morning. M. de P——, his neighbor, rose at 6 o'clock, and, being an enthusiastic lover of music, commenced "practicing" at the piano. This arrangement not being precisely agreeable to M. de V——, that worthy entreated his neighbor to restrain his enthusiasm until four or five hours later in the day. M. de P—— coolly responded that his enthusiasm was of the nature of the "noon-gun," in the garden of the Palais Royal, and was "bound to go off" at the regular hour. The nocturnal gentleman appealed to a neighboring Commissary of Police. He was laughed at for his pains, and advised to go to bed at a reasonable hour. He had a lease for six years; he tried to rent also the apartments of the musician, but found that he, too, had agreed with the landlord for a term of six years. That plan was, therefore, indefensible. Should he send the musician a challenge? Upon inquiry he learned that the object of his resentment was an invalid, and never quitted his room. As a sort of dernier resort, M. de V—— caused his walls to be lined with thick mattrasses; but this did not exclude the horrible matinal music. M. de V—— concluded to commence the *aggressive*. He bought an enormous *cor de chasse*, and made his servant keep up a fearful din throughout the night. M. de P——, the piano man, cited his neighbor before a magistrate, and caused him to be fined for a misdemeanor—blowing the French horn for amusement being only permitted during the last days of the Carnival. M. de V—— bought a hammer, and pounded with all his might upon the wall. M. de P—— waited until he and the servant were both exhausted with their exertions and then recommenced his piano. All this time M. de V—— could get no sleep at all. The hammer wouldn't do—that was clear. The noise couldn't be kept up long enough. He must invent something that would be lasting and incessant in its din. The piano must be *forced* to capitulate. A hand-organ passed one day under M. de V——'s window. He called in the proprietor, a Savoyard, and purchased the instrument. It was an organ which had been frozen during its passage across the Alps, and had never since been tuned. M. de V—— bought a patent turnspit, which ran eight days without being wound up but once, and "adapted it" to his hand organ. When all was ready, he put his organ close to his neighbor's wall, and set the turnspit in motion. M. de P—— stood it bravely for nineteen hours, at the end of which time he concluded to send a bearer of a flag of truce. He was informed that M. de V—— had gone into the country for eight days, and had carried the key of his apartment with him. At the present writing the organ is in rapid motion, and M. de P—— is trying to undermine his rooms—though with small chances of success.

FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER.—Even at home there are few persons who have not experienced the necessity and convenience of having, at least, some slight knowledge of the French language, but, in going abroad, it is actually indispensible. Mr. Mason, U. S. Minister to France, has been the subject of a great many jokes on this account, as when he received the appointment he did not understand a word of French, and from all accounts, he has not made very wonderful progress in the new tongue. The last story is as follows:—The Minister, soon after his arrival at the Court in which he was appointed, was invited to a diplomatic *soiree*. At these *soirees*, no matter in what part of Europe, the language of etiquette is French. But our Minister knew but *few words* of that language, and, as English is but little spoken, he found himself in a very awkward position. The arrival of the English Minister naturally gave him great relief; but as this gentleman could not spend the whole evening with him, he was soon obliged to excuse himself, and leave our Minister again to his embarrassment. As he was leaving, however, he suddenly turned round on perceiving the Count B——, Minister from ——, and said to the American Minister,

"Oh, there is Count B——, *who speaks English!*"

This was a god-send for the gentleman in a dilemma, who immediately begged to be presented, and was in a moment in conversation with the gentleman who spoke his mother tongue only. The motive of the introduction not being understood by Count B——, conversation commenced and terminated as follows:

Count B.—"*Mais vous parlez Francais Monsieur?*" (You speak French, sir?)

Minister.—"*Un peu!*" (*Un peu—a little.*) "*Vous—parlez—English?*" (You—speak—English?)

Count B.—"A small!"

BOILING A TEA-KETTLE.—Which is the most trying to a woman—a greenhorn of a servant girl, or a stove that "won't draw" the day she expects company?

Mrs. Jones hired, the other day, a Miss McDermott, just from Cork. Miss McDermott was ordered to "boil the tea-kettle."

"The what?"

"The tea-kettle."

"An' do you mane that?"

"Certainly—if I did not, I would not have ordered you to do it—and be quick about it."

"Yes, marm."

Miss McDermott obeyed orders. In about half an hour afterwards Mrs. Jones resumed the conversation.

"Where's the tea-kettle, Bridget?"

"In the dinner-pot, marm."

"In the dinner-pot!"

"You told me to boil it, marm, and I've had a scald on it for nearly an hour."

Mrs. Jones could bear no more.

THE CENSUS.—The following colloquy took place between the census marshal and native of Germany:

"Who lives here?"

"Yaw."

"What's your name?"

"Sharmany, on the fthine."

"What's your father's name?"

"Nix for thaw."

"When did you arrive in Albany?"

"Mit a steamboats."

"Got any children?"

"Yaw—two barrels mit krout."

"How long have you resided in this house?"

"Two rooms and der basements."

"Who owns the building?"

"I pays noting. Hense pays der same twice a month."

"Where did you live last year?"

"Across der red store as you came up mit der market in your right hand, perhind der pump vat berlongs to der blacksmid shops."

☞ The peasants of Huntingdonshire are proverbial for their boorishness. One day a lady riding through the grounds of a friend to whom she was on a visit, found the gate closed which was the outlet from the fields to the high road; a peasant boy stepped forward, and bowing, opened the gate that she might pass.

"What is your name," asked the lady.

"Tummas," said the boy, with another bow.

"Ah!" replied the lady, giving him a shilling, "I see you are not a Huntingdonshire boy—you are so civil;" to which the urchin quickly rejoined,

"Thee'll a liar, I be."

ADVICE TO WATERING PLACE LANDLORDS AND COUNTRY BOARD DISPENSERS.—Now is the time to prepare for the summer season. To make your houses attractive, begin—

To bring out your Natural Curiosities. Rearrange your "Great Silver Lake Snake," and put a foot or two more to his tail, and give another touch of red to his eyes—in the paragraph discoursing thereof.

Look around for a rock in your neighborhood that will do for an Indian Tradition; call it the Lover's Leap, and get Miss Araminta Isabella Teaberry to write a poem about it in the Union Screamer. No country boarding place can be complete without an Indian Tradition.

Dig out a Hermit's Cave in the side of a hill. You need not arrange it with a rock or two so as to look natural, only make it very muddy and dark about two feet from the entrance, so that no one will be tempted to penetrate it all the way, and it will answer the purpose very well. A story about it from the pen of Lieut. Gabbleboh, in the Flaunting Flag of Freedom, would pay well.

If you could possibly have a wild woman, or an entirely unknown animal in the woods around you, it would fill your house the whole summer. A wild woman would cost about a dollar and a half per day, and found in whiskey and tobacco. An extraordinary animal may be got up cheaper—any at a cost of fifty cents per night to somebody for making the tracks, and leaving bunches of its fur (plastering hair) on the fences and trees, and for marking its devastating course with the blood of chickens.

After you have all or any of these arranged to your satisfaction, you may begin to set out your hen coops on your lawn, and advertise them as cottages to let to families at forty dollars per week—board included.

Of course these hints can be enlarged upon, but we think we have given enough to show the country landlord the path to fortune and to fame.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

AN AWKWARD POSTSCRIPT.—An amusing story is going the round of society in Dublin. A certain dean, who is desirous of standing well with the Castle, and who has frequent interviews with the Lord-Lieutenant (the Earl of Carlisle), gave his excellency a letter to read which he had just received from a gentleman in the Crimea, formerly his excellency's private secretary. His excellency read with much satisfaction till he came to a postscript, which it seems had escaped the reverend dean's notice, and then his face darkened, and he asked the dean whether he had read the whole letter. "Yes," replied his reverence; "very amusing, isn't it?" His excellency returned the latter, and the confounded dean then read, "Can it be true that the old ass Carlisle is going to marry Rose ——?" naming a young lady, one of the belles of Dublin. Whether his excellency in anger, or the dean in distress, disclosed the story, is not known. We can only say that the tale is generally credited, and excites unbounded merriment in the gay circle of the Irish capital.

WASHINGTON'S KINDNESS.—Elkanah Watson, in his "Men and Times of the Revolution," gives an account of a visit to General Washington, at Mount Vernon, in 1785, and relates the following incident:

"The first evening I spent under the wing of his hospitality, we sat a full hour at a table by ourselves, without the least interruption, after the family had retired. I was extremely oppressed by a severe cold and excessive coughing, contracted by the exposure of a harsh winter journey. He pressed me to use some remedies; but I declined doing so. As usual after retiring, my coughing increased. When some time had elapsed, the door of my room was gently opened, and, on drawing my bed curtains, to my astonishment, I beheld Washington himself standing at my bedside, with a *bowl of hot tea* in his hand. This little incident occurring, in common life, with an ordinary man, would have not been noticed; but as a trait of the benevolence and private virtue of Washington, deserves to be recorded."

ABOUT POETRY.—*We were conversing with a young lady, some few evenings ago, at a literary reunion,* and as she had been introduced as a poetess, we of course touched on poetry. It was not many minutes before she had run through the stereotyped list of favorite authors, when she concluded with Byron, asserting her conviction that he was the greatest poet that ever wrote. We modestly hinted that we preferred according that distinguished position to Shakspeare, upon which, with an unaffected laugh at our simplicity, she cried, "Why, Shakspeare wasn't a poet; *his plays don't rhyme!*"—*Exchange.*

FRANCE.—France is the empire of bagatelle. Its idea is amusement. Its pleasures are all refined, and are made the most of. The women are graceful and beautiful, but the control of a French Cupid is never longer than a few days at most. French life wants veracity; still, underlying all this levity, there is much of good in the French character. Nature has scattered generous and beautiful souls among them—Fenelon, Montesquieu, Pascal—and noble and beautiful women, who have made France the centre of letters. The sense they give to love is a bar to their civilization. They should cultivate sterner and haughtier virtues.—*Emerson.*

POETIC JUSTICE.—It is a curious coincidence, that the Regent Morton, who first introduced the "Maiden," an instrument of decapitation, into Scotland; that M. Guillotine, who improved, and caused it to be used in France under his own name; and that Brodie, who induced the magistrates of Edinburgh to adopt a "new drop," the same that is now generally used for the execution of criminals; all perished by the instruments of death which they had themselves invented. Phalaris, the contriver of the "Brazen Bull," was also destroyed by his own handy-work; and the inventor of gunpowder perished in his attempt to realize means for the destruction of his fellow creatures.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—American literature is degenerating into a vast stream of milk and water. A great literary apostacy is demoralizing it. Authors write, not because they have a true or a beautiful word to say, and because the *estrus* of their conception drives them to speak, but because they see, with the sharp little eyes of business men, that the popular throat is agape for such a morsel, and that they can prepare the morsel. A whole book, whose staple is the unblushing narrative, by a discarded suitor, of the details of his chase! What a culmination of literary immorality.—*Putnam's Magazine.*

LORD HOLLAND.—The eccentric Lord Holland, of the reign of William III., used to give his horses a weekly concert in a covered gallery, specially erected for the purpose. He maintained that it cheered their hearts and improved their temper, and an eye-witness says that they seemed to be greatly delighted therewith.—*Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature.*

☞ A NICE DISTINCTION.—A witness in a recent case of assault tried at Greenock, stated that he saw the complainant fall several times. He considered him neither sober nor drunk, but only so much the worse for liquor that he could not stand. He was convinced, however, that another of the party was drunk, because he crept up stairs on his hands and knees.

☞ Dr. Fuller says of marriage: "Deceive not thyself by over-expecting happiness in the married state. Look not therein for contentment greater than God can give, or a creature in this world can receive, namely to be free from all inconveniences. Marriage is not like the hill of Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds!"

☞ A Southern member of Congress recently threatened a member from Pennsylvania, that if he dared vote for the expulsion of Brooks, he "*would never take a drink with him again.*"

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LOOK STEADILY with both eyes
Boys Keep Your hands off.

PRESUMPTION OF THE LOWER CLASSES.

Boy.—"I say, sir—heave us up to have a look at them pictera!"

Agricultural.

SPIRIT OF THE AGRICULTURAL JOURNALS.

FATTENING OF LIVE STOCK.—The Michigan Farmer recommends, now that the season of high prices for grain products is over, that Western farmers turn their attention more to the rearing and fattening, on the most economical and systematic method, of live stock for the eastern market.

CLOVER FOR MANURE.—The American Agriculturist strongly recommends the turning under of crops of clover as a means of fertilizing the soil. It thus answers those who contend that is simply putting back into the ground a crop grown from it:—

"If we take a box of earth containing, say 600 pounds, and weigh it carefully, and then sow an ounce of clover seed in it, we can continue to remove successive crops until we have taken off more weight of clover than the entire weight of earth in the box at first; and this, too, without adding any thing but the purest water. After we have removed this crop, we shall find the box of earth to weigh more than 500 pounds (its original weight) at least, nearly as much more as the weight of the roots remaining in the contained soil. The clover grown has been derived from the air; and such is the case with all plants. Their principal food comes from the atmosphere, from which it has been extracted by the surface of the leaves."

CORN FOR FORAGE.—The Western Agriculturist urges upon farmers the benefit of more extensive sowing of corn for forage.

Its yield is immense, and cattle are very fond of it, and thrive well when fed on the leaves and stalks. For feeding green during the summer, to milch cows, the increase of milk is greater than by any other food. A crop can be sown either broadcast or in drills, using from one and a-half to two bushels of seed per acre.

SEED SOWING.—The Gardener's Chronicle contains a table showing the number of seeds of our common crops actually sown per square foot in ordinary farm practice, from which it seems that of wheat 14 to 28 seeds are sown; barley, 62 to 70; flax, 320 to 380; clover, 100 to 170. It seems useless to try to obtain 300 or 400 plants of flax, or 150 of clover, on every square foot we sow.

CABBAGE WITH POTATOES.—The Country Gentleman says that good cabbage may be obtained from land planted with potatoes. "When the cabbage are large enough to plant, go along with a stick and turn over the haulm if it is in the way, and plant between each other row of potatoes. As the potatoes are dug, level in the soil about the cabbage, and if any concentrated manure is at hand, put a handful around each plant previously. This stirring the soil has a very beneficial effect on the cabbage, and the dissimilar nature of the previous crop does not materially rob the soil."

The same paper strongly recommends a more extensive cultivation of root crops.

"If those who have never raised sugar beets, mangolds, carrots, or other roots for stock, would but put in one quarter of an acre of these plants, or enough to admit of one or two feedings each day to the cows milked during the winter, they would probably realize such decided improvements both in the quantity and quality of their dairy products as would lead them to a higher estimate and to a more extended culture."

HOW TO HARVEST CORN.—Let the corn remain on the stalk until it is dry and fit for the crib.

Enter the field with horses and wagon, straddle every fifth row, with a man on each side and a boy in the rear. Break off the ears as rapidly as possible, throwing them into the wagon; this saves carrying or handling over, not being particular about taking off all the husks; secure your corn in any convenient place until winter; a pen of rails will answer. The husks that remain will keep the corn from spoiling in the crib. When you wish to market your corn, put it on a floor, thresh with horses, the husks will not be in the way, rake off, run through a mill, and your corn will be bright and clean, and in first-rate condition. Two men and a boy can pick and crib two hundred and fifty bushels of ears in a day.

My opinion is, if farmers will adhere strictly to those rules, they may save half their labor, and have better crops. This is quite an item. Try it.—*Cor. Mich. Farmer.*

THE WEEVIL.—According to M. Cornie (Magazine of Natural History) the larva of the Wheat Midge or Weevil, deposited in the ears of wheat, leave them about the first of August and go into the ground, where it is probable they remain during the winter in the pupa state, and become flies the next season, when the wheat is in blossom.

The most effectual remedy, therefore, would seem to be, *to subsoil the stubble in the spring.* Even ordinary ploughing would, without doubt, considerably diminish the weevil, while, on the other hand, to seed with clover and leave the ground undisturbed the ensuing season, is the most effectual method of securing a large increase of the fly.—*Cor. Mich. Farmer.*

WEARING OUT THE SOIL.—No mistake is more common, says the Working Farmer, than to suppose that, if a soil will produce a large crop, therefore no fertilizing materials should be used. Almost the entire Atlantic slope proves that the disuse of fertilizers by our forefathers has rid the soil of the ability of producing such crops as they were enabled to grow, and that in the few instances where exceptions to this rule were to be found, such exceptions arose from the fact that fertilizers had been used equal to the removed portions, but not equal in cost to the value of the removed crops.

TAKE CARE OF THE WORKERS.

As the present season is one of extreme activity upon the farm, and there is so much labor to be performed, and a set period in which it *must be done*, time and means should be economized and so systematized that everything shall move off in a manner satisfactory to all interested. The care of laboring animals should now become a matter of vital importance. The horse and the ox will repay the little attentions bestowed upon them. What though *you* are worn out with hard work, have not *they* withstood the "heat and burden of the day," and do they not realize and enjoy the comforts of life as well as you?—do they not *need* them too? Too many farmers think when the harness is thrown off, or the yoke removed, that the animal economy is required, by a law of Nature, to forage and care for itself—and that the only assistance demanded is the "noonday sheaf of oats," but here not only an error is fallen into, but a wrong committed. Horses have been comparatively idle during the winter and spring, and as a consequence the skin is tender, rendering it liable to become scalded and then galled as the weather gets warm and the animal sweats freely. "An ounce of prevention," here as elsewhere, "is worth a pound of cure," and a little care on the part of those using this noble animal is a demand that should be promptly met. We give the experience of one whose authority on this subject is invaluable. He says:—"A cooling application that will toughen the skin before use, and prevent inflammatory action when used, is what is needed for the work horse. From long experience, I have found these results to follow the use of spirits saturated with alum. I keep a bottle of alum and whiskey in the stable, and bathe the part pressed by the hames, or breast collar, and also the back, for several days before the horses commence their spring work, and also along through the season occasionally, when there is special danger of scalding the breast. I have thus passed entire seasons, employing constantly not less than five horse teams in farming uses, and have not lost the service of a horse a single day, for years together, on account of sore back or breast. This remedy will enable a sore to heal, although the animal continues in constant use.

The remedy I have seen most frequently and highly recommended is the application of white lead, in some form or other, to the injured part. I have at an early period tried this remedy—have used it when I knew nothing better—but dislike it much. It answers the purpose, I acknowledge—makes a hard, tough scab or incrustation on the sore, likely to terminate in a white spot, if the hair ever grows. But I consider this tanning the skin into leather, while on the horse's carcass, to be a *tough* business, to say the least."

Cleanliness is indispensable to the comfort of working animals. The practice of taking them from labor and placing them in stalls without "rubbing down," or removing the dust and dirt is to be deprecated. There is no doubt but the process of cleaning is of great benefit to the horse. Friction promotes the secretions of the skin, and if this be diseased or unhealthy, it will produce a derangement of the stomach, bowels and lungs. *Filthiness is productive of disease,* and if we want our stock to be in good health and heart, it is incumbent that everything about them should wear an air of neatness. Clean stables, food, litter and harness are *necessities*, and must be had. All this care will, however, be useless if the stable is improperly constructed—one of those foul places which is a curse to everything consigned to the keeping of its walls. The evils of an impure atmosphere soon exhibit themselves. Stables that are close and filthy affect the eyes, throat and lungs, produce blindness, coughs, inflammation and influenza. It is the farmer who attends faithfully to the minutiæ of his affairs that deserves and will attain success.

The ox, so long the faithful servant, does the food given him bear just comparison to the value of labor conferred? It is important that he should be well cared for, as, in addition to strength, his growth renders him of more worth, and this increase is, in a great measure, the result of kindness and attention on the part of the owner. "The ox knoweth his master's crib"—many of them have reason to know it with sorrow; how is it with yours? Will his appearance and the amount of labor he is capable of performing prove to the casual observer that he was catered for as his daily necessities demanded? Animals have at least *one feature of humanity*—a stomach—and man, knowing his own wants, should recognize theirs.—*Rural New Yorker.*

EASY AND EFFECTUAL MODE OF FUMIGATING CONSERVATORIES.—Take some coarse brown paper, cut it into squares of about sixteen inches. Soak them in a strong solution of nitre; put them by to dry. Spread them out flat; and cover the surface thinly over with tobacco; then begin at one of the corners, and roll it up as the cook does a roll pudding; tie the middle with a thread, and also the two ends. Having shut up the house and made all ready, place two or three pieces of lath across an empty flower-pot, and upon these lay three or four of these paper rolls—light them at both ends, and leave them to do their work, which they will do most effectually. In half-an-hour you will find the green fly, &c., destroyed. Give a slight syringing next day, and your plants will be found to be perfectly clean. If the conservatory is very large, it will be necessary to remove the plants affected to some smaller compartment. These rolls should not be made up till wanted, as the paper will contract moisture, and so will not burn freely. Dry the papers at the fire previously to making the rolls. The above may be nothing new, but I have found the greatest benefit from it.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

☞ In Scotland, at the Reformation, one of the actors in that drama is made to call the organ "a box of whistles," and considered it a "desecration of the House o' God!"

POLL EVIL IN HORSES.—For the benefit of those who have, or may hereafter have horses, that have poll evil, or fistula, I would say, don't sell the animal for a trifle, or give him away, but cure him sound and well. I care not how long it has been running, it can be cured with one dime; yes, one dime's worth of muriatic acid will cure the worst case of old poll evil. First wash the sore well with strong soap suds, then drop eight or ten drops of the acid in it twice a day, until it has the appearance of a fresh wound; after which, it should be washed clean with suds made from castile soap, and left to heal, which it will quickly do if the acid has been used long enough; but if it does not get well, apply the acid again, until it does cure, for it is a sure remedy, and will not fail, if it is applied until the diseased flesh is all burnt out.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

FILLET, OR ROUND OF BEEF—SPICED.—Get the ribs of beef. Have ready pounded and sifted some cloves, mace, allspice, pepper, a few coriander seeds, a little saltpetre, and bay salt; mix all well together, rub your beef well, then tie it tightly up into a good round fillet; let it lie for a day or two, then put it into the oven to set the meat, after which place it in a stewpan with a little second stock; put fat bacon at the bottom of the stewpan, and half a pint of port wine, stew it about two hours, according to the size; make a very good sauce, reduce the liquor, and take off all the fat until sufficient to make the sauce, which you will add to some good cooley, with chopped dressed mushrooms; season with cayenne pepper and salt; if approved of, add some hot pickles of different colors, the last thing, in the sauce. Add a dust of sugar to your sauce.

BRANDY PUDDING.—Take some dried cherries or jar-raisins, stoned, and line a mould with them, add some thin slices of French roll, and a layer of ratafias or macaroons, then repeat the layers of fruit, rolls, and cakes, till the mould is full, pouring in at intervals two glasses of brandy. Beat four eggs, whites and yolks separately, add to them a pint of milk or cream slightly sweetened, half a nutmeg, and the rind of half a lemon grated, pour it into the mould, and when it has penetrated the solid, flour a cloth, tie it tight over, and boil an hour. Be careful to keep the mould the right side upwards.

LEMON PUDDING.—Boil four lemons peeled thin, till they are soft, rub them through a hair sieve, and preserve the fine pulp; pour some boiling milk or cream, in which a stick of cinnamon has been boiled, over a pound of Naples biscuits, two ounces of fresh butter, and a little nutmeg. When cold, add to them the pulp of the lemons, and eight eggs well beaten; mix all together, and sweeten, and, if liked, add some brandy. Make a good puff paste, edge a dish with it, put in the mixtures, ornament the top with strings of paste, and bake it in a moderate oven.

ROASTING.—In every case where meat is washed before roasting, it should be well dried before it is put down to the fire, which must be kept clear; banked up to the height it is intended to keep it, and kept at that height until the meat is sufficiently cooked. Remember the regulation of gradually advancing the meat nearer to the fire while it is cooking; baste with a little milk and water, or salt and water first, but as soon as the fat begins to fall from the meat, put down a clean dish, and then baste with the dripping as it falls; the meat should not be sprinkled with salt until nearly cooked, or too much gravy will be produced. Preserve the dripping; pour it from the dish into some boiling water, and leave it to cool. When cold it will be hard, white, and all the impurities will be deposited at the bottom. It occasionally happens that the joint cannot be sent to table as soon as cooked; in such case, place it on a dish upon a fish-kettle of boiling water; place over it a dish-cover, and spread over all a cloth; the meat will thus be kept as hot as if placed before a fire, but will not be dried, nor will the gravy be evaporated.

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF LINEN.—Stains caused by *acids* can be removed by wetting the part and laying on it some salt of wormwood; then rub it without diluting it with more water.

Or, let the cloth imbibe a little water without dipping, and hold the part over a lighted match, at a due distance. The spots will be removed by the sulphurous gas.

Or, tie up in the stained part some pearlash; then scrape some soap into cold, soft water, to make a lather, and boil the linen till the stain disappears.

RECENT STAINS OF FRUIT may be removed by holding the linen tightly stretched over a tub and pouring hot water over the part. This must be done before any soap has been applied to it. As soon as the stain is made on table linen, &c., rub on it common table salt, before it has had time to dry; the salt will keep it damp till the cloth is washed, when the stain will disappear; or, wash the stain lightly when the cloth is removed.

WASHING.—Mrs. L. W. says:—"I send the following for your housekespers' department; I have tried it the last four or five years. Whoever will soak clothes from twelve to thirty-six hours before washing them, will find that they can do without patent washing fluids, &c., and save nearly all the wear of clothes by rubbing, too. The clothes may be boiled without rubbing—any more than to rinse the loosened dirt."

POTATO SOUP.—Almost every farmer's household is fond of soup for supper. I will now write a few "home-spun" lines on making a cheap and palatable soup from the potato. I take good sound potatoes, peel and cut them in pieces small enough to be eaten with a spoon. After having them well rinsed, I boil them with enough water to leave them in a state of soup, adding salt to my taste. When they are cooked, I take about two tablespoonfuls of flour, with half as much lard, and fry it in a pan, stirring it with a spoon until changed to a brown (not black color) color. I then stir in it with the potatoes, after which it is ready for the table.—*Elizabeth Dethi.*

COW HEELS.—Having cleaned the feet, bone them, boil them, and stew them in a rich brown gravy; serve with Indian pickle. Or, if plainly cooked, boil until enough; then serve them on a napkin, with melted butter, flavored with a spoonful of vinegar, and one of mustard. Lemon pickle may be served with them.

RECIPE FOR JOINING BROKEN GLASS.—Melt a little isinglass in spirit of wine, and add a small quantity of water. Warm the mixture gently over a moderate fire: when mixed by thoroughly melting, it will form glue perfectly transparent, and will reunite broken glass so nicely and firmly that the joining will scarcely be perceptible to the most critical eye. Lime, mixed with the white of an egg, forms a very strong cement for glass, porcelain, &c.; but it must be done neatly, as when hard, the superfluous part cannot easily be smoothed down or taken off.

CORN BREAD.—Every body who has been at the Mansion House, at Buffalo, New York, has learned the luxury of the corn bread there provided. The clerk is often taxed to write directions for home-manufacture, and I thus procured a recipe for domestic use, which I copy for you, so that those who wish may try a piece of bread from the Mansion. It is as follows: One quart of sour milk, one tablespoonful of saleratus, four ounces of butter, three tablespoonfuls of flour, three eggs, and corn meal sufficient to make a stiff batter.—*Exchange.*

☞ A modern writer says: "I never give a man credit for having the power to do what he never does. Plausibility is very imposing, no doubt; but when I see one of whom people say, "He has talent, he has genius, if he would use them right," I think it is a sham, and not the real thing; for sound talent and true genius don't go with a laggard spirit—they are like a spur in the heel to keep a man advancing."

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 6, 3, 20, 19, 1, 13, 14, was a distinguished officer of the United States Navy.

My 2, 29, 10, 19, 20, 8, was one of the most eminent of the Roman poets.

My 9, 18, 16, 23, is a title of nobility.

My 4, 19, 1, 3, 10, 9, is one of the planets.

My 19, 27, 17, 14, 3, 7, was a King of England.

My 17, 25, 18, 1, 3, was a comic writer and actor.

My 21, 14, 30, is a plant.

My 17, 18, 5, 9, 19, was, among the Romans, a kind of demi-god.

My 4, 20, 25, 30, 18, 4, was one of the most celebrated artists of antiquity.

My 6, 5, 30, 18, 1, is a foreign coin.

My 24, 2, 19, 23, 22, 4, was one of the Seven Sages.

My 31, 23, 7, 26, 28, is a well known tree.

My 3, 9, 30, 16, 14, 31, is a French word signifying again.

My 15, 11, 30, 25, 4, was a Latin historian.

My 24, 2, 19, 9, 11, was an old title of honor.

My 30, 19, 9, 29, was a painter considered as the Michael Angelo of Spain.

My 1, 18, 5, 14, 27, 4, is a sign in the Zodiac.

My 20, 30, 18, 9, 8, 1, is a musical instrument.

My 19, 1, 22, 19, 4, was a King of Mauritania.

My 18, 16, 12, 24, 29, 25, 15, is a West Indian fox.

My 19, 4, 1, 14, 31, 18, was the goddess of Justice.

My 23, 19, 13, 28, 9, 27, is an evergreen tree.

Pine Woods, Natchitoches, La. LIZZIE F. S.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 6, 12, 16, 5, was Jupiter's nurse, and daughter of Oceanus.

My 3, 13, 2, 10, was one of the Muses.

My 7, 17, 13, 2, 5, was a title of Diana.

My 22, 17, 9, 21, 19, 20, was a son of Priam and Hecuba, the most valiant of all the Trojans.

My 15, 2, 15, 9, was the daughter of Belus, the founder and Queen of Carthage.

My 8, 2, 14, 15, 5, was the daughter of Thestius, and wife of Tyndarus.

My 10, 2, 5, 12, 17, was the god of highways.

My 4, 17, 1, 9, was a beautiful woman of Sestos, in Thrace, Priestess of Venus; Leander, of Abydos, loved her so tenderly that he swam over Hellespont every night to see her; but he was at length unfortunately drowned. And she threw herself into the sea in despair.

My 21, 17, 9, 20, 12, 1, was the god of dread and fear.

My 18, 5, 12, 8, 5, 3, 2, 5, is the ancient name for a province in Europe.

My whole was a celebrated English mathamatician, and father of a distinguished authoress. CINRON.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 1, 8, 2, 18, 9, 10, is the name of a bird.

My 2, 7, 1, 19, is a city in Italy.

My 3, 13, 9, 17, 16, is a river in France.

My 4, 7, 5, 8, is a kind of fuel.

My 6, 9, 4, is an invisible fluid.

My 9, 11, 3, 19, is what we all desire when weary.

My 7, 6, 12, 11, 5, 17, 3, is a town in France.

My 3, 7, 9, 8, 16, is a river in France.

My 9, is one of the vowels.

My 10, 2, 10, 11, is a numeral.

My 11, 5, 3, 15, is one of the cardinal points of the compass.

My 12, 5, 17, 14, is a man's name.

My 13, 11, 3, is a kind of fish.

My 14, is a vowel.

My 15, 13, 17, is a kind of fowl.

My 16, 5, 2, is a part of the head.

My 17, 9, 12, 14, is a river in Africa.

My 18, 5, 16, is a kind of drink.

My 19, 7, 17, 11, is a division of the earth.

My whole was a distinguished authoress. L. C.

Hilton, N. Y.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CINRON.

If anything should meet your eyes
Which would cause you much surprise,
My first you might name
If you should exclaim.

All that is pretty, all that is gay,
All that's bewitching, soon must decay;
All that is charming, all that is sweet,
All that is tidy, all that is neat;
All that is playful you will find
Becomes my first and second combined.

Life is happy with the pleasure
Which my third doth bring to light,
It is joyous beyond measure,
In it many take delight
May it never leave our fruitful earth,
May we ever have it near us,
To make us happy while we live,
And for the future cheer us.
From eagle to lark,
And from man to the bird,
High soaring in air,
Or grazing 'mong herd
It is found.

The patriot, statesman and sage,
The man of the world,
And the ruthless savage,
The sailor so bold,
And the light-hearted page,
'Mid festivities gay,
And the science of their age,
It is true when I say
They have pined away,
They have sighed and sicked,
And have sickened and died
For my whole.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is sometimes joyfully cried,
When from mast head 'tis descried,
My second is a fish,
Rarely found in the epicure's dish.
My whole is a name given
To the most heartless wretches under Heaven.

Mansfield, Pa. HENRIE.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The perimeter of a triangle is 210 perches; the area is 13 acres and 130 perches, and the diameter of the circumscribing circle exceeds the diameter of the inscribed circle by 42 perches. The sides are required? MATHEMATACUS.

Red Brush Hill.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between a smooth prairie and a leaden image of the arch fiend? Ans.—Why, one is a dead level, and the other is a lead devil.

☞ If a pair of chickens could talk facetiously, what might they reasonably be called? Ans.—Joke hens (jokers.)

☞ Why is pain like the letter O? Ans.—Because it makes a man moan.

☞ Why are twice eleven like twice ten? Ans.—Because twice eleven are twenty-two, and twice ten are twenty, too.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—The enlargement and improvement of the Post. BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Gilbert De Mottier Marquis de Lafayette. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Cassius M. Clay, of Ky. RIDDLE.—Captain. CHARADE.—Gold-Smith. ANAGRAM.—Anna (Name-Mane-Anem. PROBLEM.—June 30th. Height of the Sunflower, 6 feet 4 inches. PROBLEM.—370 4 inches nearly.

INSPIRATION OF THE HEARTH.—There is a legend of an artist who was about to carve from a piece of costly sandal-wood an image of the Madonna; but the material was intractable—his hand seemed to have lost its skill—he could not approach his ideal. When about to relinquish his efforts in despair, a voice in a dream bade him shape the figure from an oak block which was about to feed his hearth. He obeyed, and produced a master-piece. This story represents the truth which mysticism upholds, when it appears as the antagonist of superstitious externalism. The materials of religious happiness lie, as it were, near at hand—among affections and desires which are homely, common, and of the fireside. Let the right direction, the heavenly influence, be received from without, and heaven is regarded with the love of home, and hope sanctified by the hope of heaven.—*Hours with the Mystics.*